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CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX OF THE ANTIPOPES.

COMPILED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

I. NOVATIANUS, about the year 251, after the canonical election of St. Cornelius, incited by envy, caused himself to be consecrated as Bishop of Rome, by three bishops. To him, a schismatical priest by the name of Novatus attached himself, after having been expelled from Africa.

II. Felix II. consecrated by the Arians, anno 355, at the time when Liberius was in exile on account of his adherence to the Nicene creed. On the return to Rome of the legitimate pontiff, Felix was driven from the city by the Catholics. After which he is believed to have separated from the heretics, and to have died a holy death, anno 365.

III. Ursinus or Ursicinus, a Deacon of the Roman Church, chagrined at the election of St. Damasus to the Holy See, obtained consecration at the hands of one single bishop, anno 366. A revolution ensued, and upwards of a hundred and thirty-seven men were slain in the Basilic, in which he, with his adherents, had taken shelter. He was compelled to leave Rome; but daring to re-appear in the Capitol, he was banished by the Emperor Velentinian, anno 367

IV. Eulalius, Archdeacon of the Roman Church, was elected by some seditious and schismatical priests and laics, on the 28th of December, 418: but, the following day, was canonically raised to the chair by seventy priests and nine bishops, and the people in general.

V. Laurentius, Archdeacon of St. Praxedes, was invalidly ordained, on the very day on which St. Symmachus ascended the pontifical throne, viz. the 22d of November, 498. Having then been ap-

pointed Bishop of Nocera, he afterwards returned to Rome, and, at the head of his faction, spread devastation through the metropolis.

VI. Dioscorus was chosen by a few, at the very time when Boniface II. was lawfully consecrated. But his schism died with him.

VII. Vigilius was nominated, contrary to all right, in the place of St. Sylverius, who was in exile for vindicating the Council of Chalcedon, anno 537. But on the demise of the pontiff, Vigilius was canonically elected to succeed him, and became a defender of the true faith.

VIII. John, Archpriest of the Roman Church, was elected by the clergy, and Peter a Presbyter, by the army, anno 586. But afterwards the clergy, with the consent of the army, substituted to them both, as legitimate pontiff, Conon.

IX. Paschalis, Archdeacon of the Roman Church, and Theodorus, Archpriest, were elected by their partisans, in 687; but both were rejected and St. Sergius I. was consecrated in the same year. Theodorus yielded. Paschalis resisted, until he was deposed and imprisoned on account of his crimes. He died impenitently five years later.

X. Theophilactus, Archdeacon, was chosen by some of the clergy and people, at the time when St. Paul I. was canonically raised to the papal chair, in the year 757.

XI. Constantine, a layman, in the space of six or seven days, was tonsured, ordained, consecrated bishop, and thrust into the Apostolic See, where he continued for the space of a year. But he was deposed by the Roman people, deprived of his eyes, and shut up in a monastery: after which, Stephen IV. was crowned on the 3d of August, 768. The year following, Constantine having been condemned in a Council at Rome, sued for pardon, which was granted. But relapsing into his schism, he was again condemned.

XII. Zinzinis obtained the suffrages of a few; but Lotharie suppressed his schism, and Eugenius II. was elected, anno 824.

XIII. Anastasius III. who, though a cardinal and priest, had been deposed by St. Leo IV. in 853. He rose up against the Pontiff Benedict III., but was soon abandoned by his partisans, and an end was put to his schism.

XIV. Sergius, Priest of the Roman Church, was chosen by a few, before John IX., but was expelled before his consecration.

XV. Leo VIII. was elected, while but a layman, during the life-time of John XII., in December, 963; but was deposed by a Council convoked for the purpose, by the Romans.

XVI. Boniface VII. invaded the Holy See, after the death of Benedict VII., and Domnus II., in 974. He was excommunicated by Benedict VII,, and died suddenly, towards the end of the year 985.

XVII. John XVI., Bishop of Placentia, was elected, the lawful Pontiff Gregory V. still living, by the artifices and power of Crescentius the Consul, in 697; but was afterwards put to death.

XVIII. Gregory, who separated from Benedict IX., in 1013, but through the interference of Henry, King of Germany, Benedict was restored, and peace re-established in the Church.

XIX. Sylvester III., formerly Bishop of Sabina, anno 1044, was chosen by the Romans, by whom Benedict IX. was expelled: but fifteen days later, he shared a similar fate. Benedict, fearful of being treated in the same manner, sold the papacy to John an Archpriest,

who assumed the title of Gregory VI. In these calamitous times, there were three claimants of the pontifical chair: Benedict IX., Sylvester III., and Gregory VI., all unworthy of the sanctity and majesty of the Holy See.

XX. Benedict X., Bishop of Villetri, was forced into the papacy by an armed force of seditious men, in 1058. He continued in his schism about ten months, after which he submitted to the legitimate pontiff, Nicholas II.; and obtained pardon, on condition that he should be deposed from all episcopal and sacerdotal functions.

XXI. Honorius II., Bishop of Parma, a short time before the canonical election of Alexander II., was proclaimed Pope by some bishops and noblemen, in 1061, and proceeded to Rome at the head of an army; but being twice conquered, he returned to Parma, and died in 1067, after having previously obtained pardon.

XXII. Clement III., Archbishop of Ravenna, during the life-time of Gregory VII., was intruded into the chair, on the 25th of June, 1080, by thirty bishops, at the command of the Emperor Henry. But he was abandoned by his partisans in 1084, and died in 1100.

XXIII. Albertus succeeded to the Antipope Clement III. in 1100; but on the very day of his election, was thrown into prison.

XXIV. Theodoric underwent the same fate as Albertus, three months after his election.

XXV. Sylvester III., in 1102: but was soon driven from Rome.

XXVI. Gregory VIII., Archbishop of Braga in Portugal, was forced into the chair by the power of Henry V., anno 1118. The Emperor was crowned by him on the 2d of June, the same year. He was shut up in a monastery by Calixtus II., in 1121, and died a few years after, under the pontificate of Honorius II.

XXVII. Anacletus, Cardinal Presbyter of the title of *Sanctæ Mariæ trans Tiberim*, formerly a Benedictine monk of Cluny, was chosen by some cardinals in 1130. This intruder, in order to carry on his schism against Innocent II., did not scruple to seize on the sacred vessels and treasures of the sanctuary. He died in January, 1318.

XXVIII. Victor IV. succeeded in 1138 to Anacletus II: but occupied his place scarcely two months: when, abandoned by his adherents, he submitted to Innocent II.

XXIX. Another Victor IV. was elected by three cardinals, anno 1159, by the authority of the Emperor Frederick, and died in 1164, the implacable opponent of the lawful Pope, Alexander III.

XXX. Paschalis III., Cardinal of Cremona, was chosen by the schismatics in opposition to Victor IV., on the 1st of August, 1167. He crowned the Emperor Frederick at Rome, where he died on the 25th of September, the following year.

XXXI. Calixtus III., formerly Bishop of Albano, succeeded to Paschalis III. But the Emperor Frederick having been reconciled with Alexander III., Calixtus was pardoned in the year 1178, on the 29th of August.

XXXII. Innocent III. was substituted by some pertinacious schismatical cardinals, in the room of Calixtus III.: but in 1180, he was arrested and incarcerated by order of Alexander III.: and thus a termination was put to his long and fatal schism.

XXXIII. Nicholas V., a Franciscan, was intruded into the chair of John XXII., who was still living, in 1328. After the lapse of two

years, he was delivered up to John, asked forgiveness, and obtained absolution: but he was confined in the papal palace at Avignon, where he died in September, 1333.

XXXIV. Clement VII., who had been created Cardinal by Gregory XI., in 1371. His brother was the Count of Geneva; whence he derived the appellation of Cardinal of Geneva. He was chosen by twenty French cardinals on the 20th of September, 1378, while Urban VI. was yet in the chair of Peter. He died at Avignon, on the 16th of September, 1394, under Boniface IX. For some time he was reputed by many as the legitimate pontiff.

XXXV. Benedict XIII., the famous Peter de Luna, Cardinal of Arragon, succeeded to Clement VII., on the 28th of September, 1394. He was deposed by the Council of Constance, on the 26th of July, 1417, and died obstinately persisting in his pretensions, on the 17th of November, 1424. This pseudo-pope vindicated his assumed dignity during thirty years, and boldly resisted six pontiffs, viz. Boniface IX., Innocent VII., Gregory XII., Alexander V., John XXIII., Martin V., and two councils,—of Pisa and Constance.

XXXVI. Clement VIII., a Canon of Barcelona, was elected by three cardinals, as successor to Benedict XIII., in June, 1426.

XXXVII. Benedict XIV. was simonaically declared Pope, by one Cardinal, during the life-time of Clement VIII., in June, 1426. But soon after, abandoned by him; and submitting to the legitimate pontiff, he was appointed Bishop of Majorca.

XXXVIII. Felix V. chosen in the Council (then schismatical) of Basle, on the 30th of October, 1430. But he afterwards submitted to the lawful pope, Nicholas V., from whom he received the purple and the bishopric of Sabinum, with the honors of Dean of the Sacred College.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

M. Voltaire was a frequent visitor at the Duchess of Maine's about the period of the completion of his tragedy of *Orestes*, which was performed the 12th January, 1750; and observing that the fifth act, which was too close a copy of Sophocles, did not meet with applause, he had the weakness to step partly forward in his box, exclaiming in a loud voice, "take courage, ye brave Athenians, this is purely the work of Sophocles!" He made another fifth act in two days, and the piece dragged on wretchedly until the ninth representation.—The tragedy of "Rome Saved" was performed on the 12th June, 1750.

Voltaire has accused Corneille

and Boileau of flattery, but we believe it would be impossible to furnish an instance of a more constant use of flattery than that offered by Voltaire himself. His whole correspondence is filled with praise and protestation of friendship; and it was doubtless owing to this that he gained so many partisans among those who felt themselves flattered by such testimonials of regard on the part of one so celebrated. We believe, however, that the recipients of this delusive praise, would not have placed so high a value upon those pretended marks of respect, if they had been made aware of the lavish manner with which he distributed them, and that he even stooped to meanness, when he was desirous of obtaining any favor. Nothing could be more despicable than his letter to Mademoiselle Clarion, the actress, previous to the performance of *Orestes*.

The Abbé Desfontaines died in 1745, and was succeeded in the management of the paper by Freron, who had been his assistant for five years previous to his decease. Freron possessed much wit, combined with a correct taste; he was a pupil of the Jesuits; his professors had been Fathers Brumoy and Bugeant: he was much attached to old principles, a sworn foe to neologism, and a detester of false philosophy. His wit enlivened the talent he possessed, to point out the defects of a book in the most entertaining style.

In 1749 he undertook the publication of "Letters upon some writings of the times." When Voltaire heard of this, he exclaimed, "why is that rogue Freron permitted to succeed that rascal Desfontaines? Is the prison of Bicêtre full?"* This was but the prelude to the insults of the philosopher upon the editor, and the latter enjoyed the *honor* of being made the subject of seven or eight libels. Freron's talent and courage enabled him to follow Voltaire in all his devious paths. Sometimes he unmasks him, while praising himself; sometimes he exhibits his blunders, and now he detects his numberless plagiarisms. Voltaire was enraged, and vowed implacable revenge. In a letter to Count d'Argental, 15th February, 1761, he says: "It will not suffice to make Freron appear ridiculous; the best way is to crush him."

Voltaire succeeded by his attacks upon Freron, in lessening the popularity of the paper, and even went so far as to deceive a number of individuals into the belief that Freron was confined in the prison of Bicêtre, and condemned to the galleys. Nothing was more untrue; for Freron always enjoyed the esteem of society. The following portrait of him is extracted from the "Historical Dictionary:"

"Freron, who has been so much calumniated, was one of the worthiest men in Paris; one of the best and most generous mortals. Ever amiable, his countenance was remarkably attractive. Possessing all those virtues which render a man an ornament to society, a dutiful son, a good father, a kind husband, and affectionate brother, and an excellent friend, no one could be endowed with more tact, more taste, more cheerfulness and *finesse* than he.

Voltaire said of him to Frederick, when the latter wished to have Freron for his Paris correspondent in place of D'Arnaud, whom he had sent to Prussia: "Allow me, I conjure you, to represent to your Majesty that such a correspondence requires a person who possesses public approbation, and Freron is far

* Letter to the Count d'Argental, 24th July, 1749.

from being considered worthy of such an honor. He is universally despised; besides, he is but just out of prison, where he was incarcerated for some wicked action. I will also acknowledge to you, Sire, that he is my avowed enemy, and that he abuses me in some wretched periodicals."

Mr. d'Arget had selected Freron for this good situation, and Voltaire addressed the following epistle to him—"You may rest assured that it was for the honor of your respected master that he should not be connected with a man thus publicly disgraced." Instead of Freron, Voltaire proposed the Abbé Raynal, who was then in his thirty-seventh year. His recommendation to Voltaire was that he had left the Jesuits two years previously, and that he manifested principles of hatred to religion; yet he did not obtain the office of correspondent.

Voltaire was very anxious to obtain the title of a free-associate in the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in that of the Belles-Lettres. "He looked upon these places," says Condorcet, "as a secure asylum against the army of weekly criticisms."

He was much incensed against Mr. D'Argenson,* who had not obtained him these coveted honors; and, yielding to the invitations of the King of Prussia, who offered him, in addition to being one of the chamberlains, the Cross of the Order of Merit, and an annuity of twenty thousand livres, he felt much disposed to go to Berlin; but the offers, although very flattering, were not entirely to his satisfaction. He accordingly stated to the king that the expense of removing to Berlin would be great. To obviate this, Frederick sent him sixteen thousand francs; but this was not sufficient, he craved more; and commenced negociating with Frederick for a certain amount to be settled upon Madame Denis, his niece, who was to accompany him: when an unpleasant occurrence induced him to hasten his departure, for although his love of money was great, yet his self-love was greater.

The reader will recollect that D'Arnaud received twelve francs while at college, and on another occasion the sum of fifty franes for copying certain advertisements. This individual was at Berlin, and took occasion to compose a poetical epistle in honor of Frederick; the king was much pleased, and complimented D'Arnaud very highly, and in so doing added some remarks somewhat derogatory to Voltaire's talent. Thiriot, who was also a literary correspondent of Frederick's, communicated the king's mortifying observation to Voltaire, who was infuriated at this intelligence. Shortly after this he went to Compiegne, where the court then was, as he was anxious, he said, to obtain the consent of Louis XV. to leave for Prussia. The king refused to see him. He was therefore obliged to leave Compeigne without success, and started for Holland, whence he went to Cleves, where Mr. Raesfeld, the Prussian *Chargé-d'Affaires*, was commissioned to entertain him, and to provide for his use Frederick carriages to Berlin. He reached his destination in July, 1752. He soon left that city for Potsdam, which was Frederick's general residence. Potsdam is situated upon an island twenty-four miles from Berlin, and is but three miles distant from *Sans Souci*, where Frederick had a country seat. At first the new chamberlain found the Prussian court very delightful;

* See Voltaire's letter to the Duke de Richelieu, 1750.

his reception was very gratifying; even the princesses took part in the performance of his tragedies with him. The enchantment, however, gradually wore off in November, scarcely four months after his arrival at the court of what he termed the *crowned philosopher*. Voltaire began to mistrust Frederick's sincerity, for the latter had written a touching and truly pathetic, nay, even a *Christian* letter to Mr. d'Arget, one of his secretaries, on the occasion of Madame d'Arget's demise; however, the same day he made an epigram upon the deceased lady. Notwithstanding this last circumstance, Voltaire was heard to say, "*This gives reason for thought.*" Alas! for the sincerity of so-called philosophers.

The chamberlain occupied one of the finest apartments at Potsdam; his chamber was near the king's; he had his own table, and carriages at his command. He had also stipulated for two wax candles daily, besides a certain quantity of tea, sugar, coffee, and chocolate. Some difficulties occasionally took place concerning the delivery of the latter articles to Voltaire. He complained of the irregularity with which he was supplied. Frederick replied, "Well, my dear friend, you can dispense with these little supplies; they subject you to those cares which are unworthy of you: henceforward I will give orders that the supplies be omitted for the future."

From that period, Voltaire sold every month the twelve pounds of wax candles which were still furnished; and in order to have light, he had recourse to a contrivance, which for meanness, has probably never been excelled. He was accustomed to leave the king's apartment several times in the course of the evening upon various pretexts to go to his room, and each time he would take one of the longest candles with him, which he took care not to return.* This specimen of Voltaire's sordid disposition becomes less incredible on perusal of the following extract from a letter of Madame Denis, addressed to Voltaire, who was, it will be recollected, her uncle. The letter was dated from Paris, 1754, where Madame Denis was engaged in soliciting permission for her uncle to return to Paris. "You are devoured by avarice: you have only to speak. I took some money at Delaleu's, only because I expected your arrival at every moment, and also because it would have appeared most singular before the public if I had left all, particularly as I had told every one at court and in the city that you had doubled my income. You are tormented by the love of money: do not force me to hate you. Your heart is that of the least of mankind. I will try to conceal as much as I can the viciousness of your heart."†

Voltaire had no sooner reached Potsdam, than he intrigued to have d'Arnaud dismissed, and in this he was successful. If we are to believe Voltaire's version of the affair, which he gives in a letter to Count d'Argental, of the 14th November, 1750, jealousy was the cause of d'Arnaud's dissatisfaction; for, said Voltaire, he was mortified that he did not have a pension—a salary of 4800 livres, and also because he did not sup with the king as Voltaire did. Voltaire wrote to his niece:—

"*The rising sun* is set;‡ poor

* The above is a *literal* extract from the article "Voltaire," in the fifth vol. of Monsieur Thiebault's work. This gentleman resided for twenty years at the court of Berlin, where he performed the duties of Professor of Grammar and Diction.

† Quoted from Voltaire's letter to Count d'Argental, 28th February, 1754. S. R. V.

‡ The italicized words were the same as those used by Frederick in complimenting

d'Arnaud was a prey to ennui, besides which, the vexation of seeing me, *the setting sun*, tolerably well treated, induced him to request a leave of absence, which he did very sorrowfully."—Letter to Madame Denis, 24th November, 1750.

Besides the preceding extract, in which the real cause of d'Arnaud's dismissal is more than hinted at, Voltaire wrote the following to Frederick:—

"D'Arnaud has sown the seeds of dissension in the field of repose and peace. Can I be expected to take a part in a comedy at Prince Henry's palace with d'Arnaud, who overwhelms me with ingratitude and perfidiousness? It seems to me, Sire, that as d'Arnaud leaves to-day for Berlin in His Highness Prince Henry's coach; if he could stay there, either to write or to attend the sitting of the Academy, in short, upon any pretext, I would thereby be relieved of the extreme difficulty in which I find myself placed; his absence would put an end to numberless bickerings, which are a dishonor to this 'palace of glory,'" &c.

Voltaire penned the preceding in December, 1750; but two years had elapsed since he wrote the following to the same d'Arnaud, whom he now deemed it his interest to revile. "I embrace and love you, because you compose good verses, and also because you are possessed of a good heart."* Although Voltaire was gratified with the victory obtained over d'Arnaud, he was not long without other annoyances, if we may judge from a letter he addressed to Madame Denis, the 26th December, 1750.† "I am writing near a stove; my head is heavy, my heart is sad, while gazing upon the river Spree, because the Spree falls into the Elbe, the Elbe falls into the sea, and that the sea receives the Seine, because our house in Paris is near the Seine; and I say to myself, my dear child, why am I in this palace? in an apartment which overlooks the Spree, and not at our own fire-side? Nothing can surpass the decoration of the Palace of the Sun in Phæton. Madame Astroa's voice is the finest in Europe; but was I to leave you for a trilling throat and for a king? How much remorse I feel, my dear child! My happiness is poisoned! How short is life!"

Voltaire's regrets were increased the following year, in consequence of a conversation he had with Lamettrie, in which the latter stated that on one occasion he informed Frederick of the great jealousy prevailing against the author of the "Henriad," owing to the favors bestowed upon him by the king; and that Frederick's reply was, "I shall need his services for another; at the most, after the orange is squeezed, the rind is thrown away." The effect of a statement of this character upon Voltaire may be readily inferred. He often tried to persuade himself that Lamettrie had deceived him, but in vain; other circumstances served to corroborate the information thus received.

Among Frederick's poetry which Voltaire was to correct and revise, he found a poetical epistle to Monsieur Pene, a painter, in which Frederick termed Pene his *dear Pene*, comparing him also to the gods, although he never noticed the individual thus flatteringly described, when he would see him in the palace. Voltaire wrote to Madame Denis, "perhaps it is the same with me;" and henceforth began to regret that he had withdrawn all his funds from France in order to invest them in

d'Arnaud upon his poetical epistle; he compared d'Arnaud to *the rising sun*, and said Voltaire was like *the setting sun*.

* November 28th, 1748.

† Voltaire's letter to Madame Denis, 2d September, 1751.

Prussia. He would have left instantly had it not been for the difficulty consequent upon an immediate realization of his means; his only remedy was to have patience. Lamettrie died shortly afterwards, in 1751, and Voltaire was still irresolute.

Frederick requested Voltaire to seek out a suitable person for a reader, in place of the deceased Lamettrie; and he selected the Abbé de Prades, whose sole recommendation to Voltaire was that he had been expelled from the Sorbonne, for having delivered a thesis before the Faculty, the principles of which were at variance with Catholicism.

Frederick caused de Prades to be imprisoned in one of his citadels for *treason.** Voltaire communicated the intelligence to d'Alembert in November, 1761.

The court went into mourning this year. As Voltaire's wardrobe did not contain a black coat, and being too avaricious to purchase one, he borrowed a coat from Monsieur Fromery, a merchant; the coat was of a proper length for Voltaire, but it was too wide. He had the coat made narrower, and after wearing it for some time returned it to the merchant, who did not discover that it had been altered until he was about to wear it again.†

It was about this period that hostilities commenced between Voltaire and Labeaumelle; the latter individual had been incarcerated in the Bastille in consequence of Voltaire's machinations, and after his release, he addressed twenty-four letters to Voltaire, the ninth of which contains the following scorching tirade: "You say that I am disgusting to the public; what are you? Before its tribunal, what is the author of the 'Maid of Orleans?' To the devout mind, what is the author of the 'Sermon of the Fifty?' To the Christian, to kings, how does the author of the ever-to-be-reprobated words appear, 'there is but one God and one king?' To that king, what is the author of the 'Private Life of the King of Prussia?' To generous souls, what is the implacable enemy of Desfontaines, and of J. B. Rousseau? For the lovers of truth, the unfaithful compiler of the 'Universal History?' For the upright-minded, the mean envy displayed against Maupertuis, Montesquieu, and Crebillon? For the nations, the man who has slandered all countries? For booksellers, the writer against whom booksellers raise one common voice!"‡

Frederick's allusion to a squeezed orange was the cause of Voltaire's resolve to remove his funds from the Brandenburg; and in accordance with this determination, he employed an Israelite, named Herscheld, to negociate several drafts, amounting to thirty thousand livres, at Leipzig. He took the precaution to require a security, and he received some diamonds as a pledge from the Jews. He subsequently learned that the diamonds were not the Jew's property, and that they belonged to Monsieur Chazot, an officer who was in great favor at Frederick's court. This intelligence induced him to recall Herscheld from Leipzig, and to forbid his negotiating the drafts. He had received two hundred *écus* for his journey, and he now demanded five hundred for extraordinary expenses; and upon Voltaire's refusal to comply with his demand, he declined receiving the diamonds, alleging that they

* See the "Souvenirs d'un Citoyen," by Formey, p. 236.

† Frederick of Prussia.

‡ In 1753, when Labeaumelle expressed himself in these forcible terms, Voltaire had not yet issued his most abominable works against religion, such as the "Philosophical Dictionary," the "Philosophy of History," &c.

were not the same as those he had pledged with Voltaire. The latter complained of him, and the Jew was imprisoned. Herscheld commenced a suit against Voltaire, whose enemies represented to Frederick that he had sent the Israelite to Saxony, in order to throw discredit on certain bank-notes, after which they were to be purchased at these reduced rates; it being understood that by an arrangement entered into by the respective sovereigns, the notes were to be reimbursed at their full value; besides which, the diamonds were asserted to have been changed.

Voltaire was immediately notified not to appear again at Potsdam; Frederick even went so far as to say to d'Arget, his secretary, "Write, that I order him to leave my states within twenty-four hours."* However, as d'Arget was an old acquaintance of Voltaire, he prevailed upon the king to wait the issue of the sentence to be rendered by the Commission of Inquiry, by whom the affair was to be examined.

Maupertuis had been requested by Voltaire to commend the case to the favorable notice of Dejarrige, the President of the *Chamber of Justice;* but Maupertuis declined interposing in what he considered a "sorry transaction." It was on this occasion that Voltaire paid his first visit to Monsieur Formey, perpetual Secretary of the Academy; as he was aware that he was intimately acquainted with Monsieur Dejarrige,† he begged the former to speak to the latter in his behalf. The decision of the commissioners was issued on the 18th February, 1752. Herscheld's arrest was declared to be legal; he was sentenced to return the drafts, to take back the diamonds, and to pay a fine of ten *écus*. Herscheld threatened to appeal from this sentence; and as Voltaire had lost one of the diamonds, valued at three hundred and fifty *écus*, he was willing to come to a compromise.‡

When this had been effected, Voltaire returned to the king at Potsdam. Fortunately, no allusion was made to Herscheld's suit; and after a few days, Voltaire obtained Frederick's permission to spend a few days for the benefit of his health at Monsieur d'Arget's country seat, which had been presented to him by Frederick.

* Duvernet's Life of Voltaire.

† "Souvenirs d'un Citoyen," by Formey.

‡ Voltaire's Letter to d'Arget.

BEMBO.

This eminent and amiable person was a native of Venice; which, at that time, was the seat of freedom, genius, and valor. His family had given the State great captains, and excellent magistrates; and his father being sent Ambassador to Florence, he accompanied him, and there formed his style to that delicacy in the Tuscan language which is so much admired in his writings. Not satisfied with possessing the beauties of this and the Latin tongue, he took a journey into Sicily to study the Greek, under Lascaris, a celebrated Professor, and a native of Greece.

He then heard a course of Philosophy from Leonico, and discovered a wonderful aptitude to every kind of polite literature. His Italian verses were read in all polite assemblies of that knowing age and country: the freedom of some of them may, perhaps, be excused, but others are very licentious. A passion he entertained for a young lady of Venice, threw him into disorders, for which the latter part of his life atoned. He had two sons by her, and a daughter named Helen, who was married to a Venetian nobleman, and had every commendation, but legitimacy of birth. This attachment, and his love of study, caused him to reject the solicitations by which his family pressed him to marry, and the employments which were offered him by the Senate: but Leo X. being raised to the Papacy, he drew Bembo from his retirement, and made him Secretary of State. By this means he was immersed in business, to which he had hitherto been very averse; and as he acted on a principle of honor, his assiduity in the office, of which the volumes of elegant letters he left behind him are a proof, impaired his health, and obliged him to have recourse to the air of Padua, where he became acquainted with Reginald Pole.—After Leo's death he retired to Venice, and divided his time between books and the conversation of the learned, till the year 1539; when Paul III. created him a Cardinal. This promotion, of which he had not the least thought, so greatly surprised him, that he was on the point of refusing it; but going to church the morning after he received the news, in order to ask direction in the step he was about to take; as he approached the altar, the Priest being come to those words of Jesus Christ to St. Peter, which name Bembo bore, *Peter, follow me;* he took them as addressed to himself, and no longer opposed a dignity which he had not sought, and now interpreted it was the will of heaven he should accept. Soon after, writing to one of his friends, "I shall be ordained Priest," says he, "in the holidays of Christmas, and then prepare myself to celebrate the divine Mysteries: admire the change which the divine goodness has wrought in me."

Being now become a resident of Rome, "he was honored by all persons of the highest distinction in that city; and particularly, says the author of his life, who was acquainted with them both, by Reginald Pole, a person brought to us by Providence from so distant a country as Britain; or rather, if the expression be not too bold, descended to us from the regions above: and though no commendation can equal the subject when he is the theme, I shall take a more suitable opportunity of doing his merit all the justice I am able. At present, I shall only say, that it is doubtful, if that island, by having the advantage of giving birth to such a person, who sets us a pattern of genuine Christian piety, has not compensated the great wrongs she has done to that cause. He lived with Bembo, who was now far advanced in years, in the greatest intimacy, and had the highest value for his many and excellent qualities, and chiefly for a candor and openness of temper, which gave him back the likeness of his own dispositions."*

* Cultus est *Romæ Bembus* cùm à bonis plerisque omnibus *Contareno*, *Sadoleto*, *Cortesio*, *Morono* Cardinalibus amplissimis, hominibusque eruditissimis; tum verò præcipuè à Reginaldo Polo, homine, Dei immortalis, dubio procul, beneficio, ex ultimâ usque *Britanniâ* ad vos vecto, vel de cœlo potius, fi modo dictu fas est, lapso; cujus de laudibus, quanquam de tam præclar ac divina virtute nemo satis dignè unquam loquetur, alius mihi profectò dicendi locus dabitur. Hoc certè haud facilè in præsentia dijudicare audeam; plusne eam insulam, multis vulneribus Christianæ Republicæ per summam

The Pope conferred the Bishoprick of Eugubio on the new Cardinal, and afterwards that of Bergamo, both which he administered with an irreproachable life, and the discharge of such duties as those take on them, who besides the care of themselves engage in that of others. He survived his promotion to the Purple eight years; and died of a hurt he received on horseback, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As he was drawing towards his end, some of his family, who were acquainted with the intimacy there had always been between him and Cardinal Pole, informed the latter of the dangerous state his friend was in, and desired him to be present in his last minutes. He immediately complied with their request, and had the satisfaction, as he says, of finding him in those dispositions with which the spirit of Christianity sooths the terrors of the passage from time to eternity, and makes us die the death of the righteous.* He was buried at Rome in the choir of the Church of the Minerva; his son Torquato having composed the honorable inscription, which still remains. Jerom Quirini, a noble Venetian, who had loved and honored him through life, erected to his memory in St. Anthony's Church at Padua, a marble statue, in which, as the curious observe, all the exquisiteness of sculpture is exhausted. And, that none of those distinctions which light up the urn of the illustrious dead, and wait on their name beyond the grave, might be wanting to grace Bembo's merit, his life has been written by the most correct genius of an age which was fruitful in great originals.†

impietatem infligendis, nocuisse dicam; an quòd in illo solo talis tantusque vir ortus et procreatus fit, unde veræ planeque Christianæ pietatis vitæque exemplum peteremus, profuisse. Is igitur cum *Bembo* familiarissimè vixit; cumquè senis optimi multas magnasque animi dotes maximè fecit; tum vero apertum simplexque hominis ingenium suæ ipsius voluntati atque naturæ consimile ac par, plurimùm semper adamavit. *Casa* in Vitâ *Bembi*.

* Epist. *R. Poli*, pars 4, pag. 206.

† Neque immerito commendati sunt, aut is qui pauca quidem scripsit sed in scribendo omnium politissimus, maximeque limatus, idemque ab omnibus ineptiis remotissimus suit, *J. Casa*. *Muretus*.

PLAC'D in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around, and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—*all his ways are right!*
Then when astonish'd nature feel its fate,
And fetter'd time shall know his latest date!
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway!
Immortal He, amid the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the Sacred Bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

BOYSE.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

FERIA QUARTA.—AT LAUDS.

Nox et tenebræ et nubila, etc.

I.

DARKNESS, and Night and Cloud
The troubled Earth enshroud;
But when Light shines, the skies grow clear;
Christ shows his coming—and they disappear.

II.

The gloom of Earth is driven
Before the sun of Heaven:
And as the day-star sheds his radiant beams,
Before his face, the World with color teems.

III.

Thee, Saviour, do we find,
With pure and simple mind:
With many tears, and fervent hymns, we pray,
Upon our senses pour the beams of day.

IV.

For, what is darkly quite
Will glow beneath thy light:
True source of lustre to the choirs of heaven,
Serenely smile—and light to us is given.

V.

Be to the Father's name
And to the Son the same
Glory supreme, and Holy Ghost, to thee,
Now and for ever, through eternity.

FERIA QUINTA.—AT MATINS.

Nox atra rerum contegit, etc.

I.

BLACK Night still broods abroad;
On Earth no color lurks:
We own our guilt, and humbly crave,
Just Judge of all our works,

II.

That thou wouldst wash away
The stains from every heart,
And, all our numerous crimes forgiven,
Thy holy grace impart.

III.

The minds with sloth oppresst,
Devoured with guilt and pain,
Long from their torpor to arise,
And thee, Redeemer, gain.

IV.

All darkness banish hence;
And first all inward Night:
That we hereafter, may be placed
In everlasting Light.

V.

This, gracious Father, grant,
And thou, his Only Son,
And thou, most Holy Paraclete,
Eternal Three in One.

FERIA QUINTA.—AT LAUDS.

Lux ecce surgit aurea, etc.

I.

BEHOLD the golden light of Day!
Let pallid darkness pass away:
Through which too long, alas! we trode
On Error's dark and devious road.

II.

Oh! may this Light that softly gleams
Find us as pure as its own beams:
May Truth and Candor mark our speech,
Let naught obscure our bosoms reach.

III.

Thus let the live-long day pass by;
Our lips be tainted with no lie;
Our hands be pure, our eyes reserved,
Our bodies from all sin preserved.

IV.

For, there is One, whose watchful gaze
Observes the actions of our days;
And nothing can escape his power,
From morning's blush, to evening's hour.

V.

Glory to God the Father's name,
And to his Only Son the same;
And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Now, and for all Eternity.

A LETTER

TO THE

RT. REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, D.D.

BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE DIOCESS OF VERMONT.

BY FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

Right Reverend Sir,—

I have perused with considerable interest your letter, recently addressed to me, in answer to my letter to the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, written above eighteen months ago, on the subject of Christian Union. In the causes which prevented your reply to my work on the Primacy, you have my sincere sympathy, and I assure you that I was no less sincere in the expression of my wishes for Union, although the hope I entertained of it was very faint indeed. As to the extravagance of my proposition, if you advert to the circumstances which gave rise to it, you may be induced to recall this qualification. There had arisen in a leading University in England, a class of Divines, in communion with the Established Church, who, in the re-examination of the topics of former controversy, had yielded, one by one, almost every ground of dispute; and there had just appeared a pamphlet, professing to reconcile the 39 Articles with the doctrinal decisions of the Council of Trent, and styling the Pope, head of the Catholic world. The influence of that class of Divines was known to be felt very widely throughout the ministry of the Establishment, and their efforts had met with marked encouragement from the laity. Astonishment seized all at the rapid strides with which they had advanced toward the ancient faith, and it was thought that they could not stop at the portals of the temple. On this side of the Atlantic, their views had found favor, and a leading hebdomadal of your communion, on the first news of the appearance of Tract No. xc., had ventured to provide for contingencies, by stating that the Articles could not be directed against the definitions of Trent, because they were composed before the close of that Council. There was clearly manifested *by some* a strong sympathy with Oxford, and the 39 Articles did not appear to be an insuperable barrier. Paley had taught me that the English Legislature, in requiring subscription to them, never could have meant to bind the conscience to assent, since it was not to be expected that a countless series of men should implicitly assent to a number of Articles, embracing so many theological details.* It had been said that they were Articles of peace, and not of faith; that they were not enjoined on the laity as terms for receiving baptism or communion; and that the ministry, without scruple, and without censure, preached doctrines either manifestly opposed to the Articles, or in themselves conflicting, and grounded on a twofold interpretation of them! There had not been as yet any general expression of the views of American Epis-

* Phil. l. iii. p. 1. ch. 2.

copalians on the subject of the Oxford doctrines, but several dignitaries were known to cherish them, and already, in various quarters, disciplinary improvements had been introduced, in harmony with them. Under these circumstances, I respectfully submit that it was not altogether extravagant to solicit the Bishops of your communion seriously to review the grounds of controversy, and generously to make those advances which might secure for so large a number of our fellow-Christians, the inestimable blessing of unity. In referring you to the learned and profound work of a distinguished Catholic Prelate, for a precise view of our real doctrines, and of their proofs, I certainly meant no offence, and I am somewhat surprised that offence should have been taken. Had I referred to the exposition of the Catholic faith by Bossuet, a work much smaller in size, but of undoubted excellence, I know not why you should be offended. The Catholic hierarchy would scarcely have taken offence, if you had accompanied your learned work with a reference to some standard Divine of your communion, who might present in a clear and strong view the points of controversy.

What I said concerning the probability of a numerous secession from your ranks, in case the bishops of your communion refuse to concur in the glorious work of repairing the breaches of Sion, was the sincere expression of my deep conviction, which nothing has since occurred to weaken. Whether it was a motive unfit to influence your determination, others may best determine. To me it appears not unworthy of men whose education, or inquiry, has led to the profession of certain religious views, and to whom a large body look up for guidance, to consider the change of sentiment which has spread so widely in the parent communion, and the probability of its communication to those over whom they preside, that they may take in time the determination that is at once just and expedient. The Bishops of the English Establishment, in their charges, have not dissembled the tendency to Rome which is apparent among the younger clergy and the laity. Dr. Pusey has emphatically avowed it, as also Mr. Oakley, a Fellow of Oxford. This writer says: "It is impossible any longer to shut our eyes, even where we may wish it, to the fact, that certain views of theology have gained an influence in this country, which may well alarm those who think them essentially wrong, and must needs make all anxious, but those who think them essentially right. There is neither wisdom nor fairness, in denying that a certain course of teaching *does* tend to what the parties who make the assertion mean by 'Popery,' that is, to the full and *consistent* carrying out of the sacramental theology, the doctrine, namely, that *the Church Catholic, as the instrument of the Holy Spirit, and the representation of our Lord in His Kingly, Priestly, and Prophetical offices, is the one (ordained) channel of blessing from God to man, and means of access from man to God.* And, no doubt also, so far as the impressive and consolatory idea of a visible church, is more fully realized in Rome than among ourselves, the craving, which this course of instruction has been chiefly instrumental in awakening, *tends* even to Rome."* Whether this should operate on your fears, or on your consciences, it is not for me to consider: but without offence I may repeat what respectable Divines of your own communion so unreservedly acknowledge.

* The subject of Tract No. xc. examined, in connection with the history of the xxxix. Articles, by the Rev. Frederick Oakley, Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford.

What did I think of your honesty, when I threw this motive into the scale? I formed no unfavorable estimate of it. I gave you full credit for honest adherence to the Religious Society in which you hold so eminent a station; but as you do not harmonize in your teaching, some opposing the Oxford views as heretical, while others defend them as the genuine doctrines of the church; some holding that you possess a real and effective episcopacy, such as the ancient church enjoyed; while others among you consider that even the pastoral relation in reference to the laity is but the shadow of a name; some maintaining the existence of a true priesthood and sacrifice, and raising altars on which it may be offered; while others deny that there is properly priesthood, sacrifice, or altar: I thought that your adherence did not imply a settled conviction of mind on all doctrines, or on the nature of your worship. From the perusal of Anglican and American Divines, I had perceived that the Divine origin of episcopacy, and its need for the essential constitution of the church, were disputable points. This latitude of belief might determine you to remain in your stations, as long as you saw no fair prospect of uniting the various Christian sects in faith and communion; but you might feel it your duty to abandon them, if by the sacrifice you could secure the unity of Christendom.

I knew that Anglican and Scotch Bishops had retained their stations while they secretly wished to effect a reconciliation with Rome; and instead of being thought dishonest, had earned for themselves no small meed of praise. "The stronger has been the temptation," says Mr. Oakley, "whether arising out of our national peculiarities, or the pressure of external circumstances, to glory in our isolation, as a church, instead of mourning for the sins of which it is the penalty; the deeper should be our gratitude to those of our Divines, who, with Andrewes in England, and Forbes in Scotland, have made the restoration and reunion of Christendom, the object of their efforts, and of their prayers." Speaking of the latter Prelate, he says: "His principal work is avowedly an attempt to effect a reconciliation with Rome, on the basis of the common Catholic faith. It was found among his papers, and published after his decease." It was not altogether rash to suppose that some one of your number might have secret yearnings after unity, and might be led to cooperate in establishing it here, where no political obstacle is presented. If I have wronged you in this charitable supposition, I hope to be excused.

To a complimentary inuendo as to my sincerity, you subjoin a very distinct challenge to a public discussion, which, after the statement of my views in regard to such exhibitions, resembles a message to one who is professedly opposed to duelling: "I hereby invite you, together with as many of your episcopal brethren as you may think fit, to a PUBLIC DISCUSSION of the whole controversy between our respective churches, in which it may be shown whether we have in a single article shifted our theological position from the ground which our forefathers defended, and in what respects, if in any, the relative aspects of our several communions have been changed."

I have no hesitation in entering on a discussion of the merits of the whole controversy, and to give it the highest degree of publicity, through the public press; and I hereby offer you the use of the *Catholic Herald* for the publication of your letters, on condition that you procure the insertion of mine in the *Churchman* of New York. You

might begin by the Primacy, and bring to public view the materials prepared at your intervals of leisure, during the last five years, for the review of my work on that subject. An oral discussion, such as you propose, is in many respects objectionable. We live far apart, and it might not be convenient for either of us to pass to the residence of the other, or to spend some time at an intermediate point. The discussion would be necessarily limited to a few topics, or would be prolonged beyond a reasonable time. Documentary evidence, so important in such investigations, might not always be at hand, and assertions might remain unproved. The number of our hearers would be necessarily limited, and the public must trust to reporters for the substance of our discussion, with danger of being misled on points in which they might easily be mistaken; or we must undertake to revise, and, perhaps, remodel the reports. Besides, I know not whether it would entirely comport with the sacred character of a Catholic Bishop to appear on the arena, even with a disputant so courteous and so grave as you promise to be. You have violated this courtesy in the very title of your letter, by addressing me as a *Roman* Bishop, when you know that the laws of good society require, that each one should receive his official designation, whatever may be the sentiment of the individual addressing him with regard to his claims to the title. On this principle I have given you and all your colleagues your official titles, although it can be no secret to you in what light I view your claims to the episcopal character. My excuse for this allusion is found in your departure from this law of courtesy. In addition to these reasons, I may add, that, if I understand you rightly, by proposing a discussion of the whole ground of controversy, you do not mean to enter into the merits of it, but rather to show, to me, and to the various Protestant sects, that you still adhere to the principles on which your forefathers acted in separating from Rome. This for me would be wholly unimportant, and for the public generally could possess but little interest. Mr. Newman has said, in the name of the respectable class of Divines to which he belongs: "We must labor to unprotestantize our church, and recede as far as possible from the principles of the Reformation, if any such there be." Mr. Oakley says: "It is much to be considered, in the first place, that with the English Reformers, Protestantism was, as I may say, an after-thought. The English Reformation, upon whatever theological grounds it may eventually have been based, was undoubtedly, in the first instance, a mere political movement; being (so far) unfavorably distinguished from the continental struggle, which, though it ultimately issued in excesses from which we have been providentially kept, was, in its origin, far more than the English Reformation, of the nature of an *indignant protest against existing corruptions*. I do not at all deny that corruptions of a like crying enormity, though perhaps of a different kind, existed in this country also. All I say, is, that, not the scandal of these corruptions, but the influence of the Pope, and especially, as it pressed inconveniently upon Henry, was the *gravamen* to which, in this country, the quarrel with Rome owes its origin."

I recollect a passage in your pathetic address to the Roman Hierarchy to this effect:—"Why not, on the free soil of the United States, propose to meet the various denominations, for the sake of friendly and affectionate discussion, instead of casting down the gauntlet of proud

defiance, and challenging each other to the public war of words?" You can doubtless reconcile this to your invitation to a public oral discussion. It is one of the passages that led me to state that your elaborate work closed with overtures for unity. I did not say that you offered to abandon the 39 Articles, although many of your Divines attach little importance to them: but in return for your polite invitation to us to restore our church to primitive purity, in order to enjoy your communion, I invited you to return to the faith which Augustin preached in England, and to the worship which he practised, as clearly testified by the venerable Bede, that you might be under the paternal government of him who worthily inherits the name and authority of England's primary Apostle. I know not why you and your colleagues should have proved so sensitive on occasion of this appeal. When, in honeyed accents, you addressed us, and insinuated that we could not be faithful citizens, if we were sincere in our submission to the authority of the pontiff, I answered you respectfully, disproved your charges, pointed out mistakes in your quotations, played with some literary trifles, and sustained the claims of the Holy See, by the very witnesses whom you had summoned to overturn them. My colleagues passed by your book without even an expression of displeasure. Yet when I implored you to follow up the principles so openly avowed by a respectable class of Divines in your communion, three, at least, of your number, forgot in my regard, the charity of Christians, and the courtesy of gentlemen: and now, after a silence of five years from the publication of my book, and nearly 19 months from the date of my letter, you state, in cautious terms, your misgivings as to my sincerity, and as if to retrieve your literary honor, you offer to decide the quarrel in single combat. Supposing you sincere, (permit me to borrow your respectful phraseology,) I invite you to enter without delay on the calm discussion, through the public press, of the topics of controversy, and to come at once to those points which must be settled, in order to effect what all should desire, a union, which would be for us all an occasion of devout joy and thanksgiving. "The especial work of the Holy Spirit in the Body Catholic," says Mr. Oakley, "is to make the 'whole earth,' which the author of confusion has split into parts, 'of one language, and of one speech.'"

If the tone of this reply be somewhat louder than that of my Letter on Union, be assured, Right Rev. Sir, it does not arise from any unkind or uncharitable feeling; but I am pained to see you propose as the object of discussion, to convince the various Protestant sects that you and your colleagues are still the unflinching advocates of the Reformation. You must know how irreverently Oxford Divines are wont to speak of that catastrophe. Mr. Froude, in a letter to a friend, said: "Really, I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more; and I have almost made up my mind that the rationalist spirit which they set afloat, is the beast of the Revelations." . . . "You will be shocked at my avowal, that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation." These sentiments are re-echoed by the Oxford Divines, who mourn over the desolation of the temple and the altar, effected by sacreligious hands. You yourself are striving to replace the altar which they removed; you acknowledge that but the shadow of a name is apparent in the episcopal or pastoral relation in your communion: you hear opposite doctrines announced in the

same pulpit, on the same day, in the name of the same church, by bishop and presbyter: and still, rather than seek to regain unity and authority, by entering into communion with the universal church, you would exhibit yourself on a platform in controversial strife, before an indiscriminate assembly, charging the Church of Christ with corruption.

If a glimmering of hope should be afforded of union, I should be happy to meet you, or any of your colleagues, in private, before a few intelligent friends, to examine calmly and dispassionately on what basis it could be established. In the meantime, the examination of the points of controversy, through the press, might be pursued, and the prayers of those who long for the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, might obtain, from Divine mercy, that the wall of division should be cast down, and we might become as our forefathers were, one family, adoring in unity of faith, the same Lord and Redeemer. This is the ardent desire of my heart; the hope of it, although faint, cheers me: my unworthy prayers are directed to this end, and for it I shall deem myself happy to make every sacrifice. If, in the pursuit of it, I should give to others unnecessary pain, it would be to me a matter of deep regret; and I should rejoice at the opportunity of atonement in the warm exhibition of fraternal love. May God hasten the consummation so devoutly to be wished for, despite of our imperfections, prejudices, and passions, and glorify His Truth and Mercy! With sincere personal regard, I have the honor to be,

Right Rev. Sir,
Your ob't. serv't in Christ,
† Francis Patrick,
Bishop of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, *Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome*, 1843.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ.—OR, HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

THE BALLAD-SINGER.

What voice is that I hear, this morning, piercing the welkin? It is shrill, and not unmusical; and there is something in the tune itself of a plaintive nature. Is it a sweep? —Let me satisfy myself. I opened the window, and behold! just under me a crowd of men and women, and, in the midst of them, a singular *character* of a person. In tatters, and yet singing! Who is he, that burlesque, and yet not unimportant actor on this public stage? It is a street ballad-singer. Observe him. He holds in his hand a copy of printed rhymes—I cannot distinguish their meaning—and ever and anon turning about his head, and screaming with all his lungs, he snaps his finger and thumb, stamps on the pavement, and

concludes, with marvellous effect, the first strophe of his song.

The ballad-singer is no contemptible personage in this country. He stands in the crowd like an oracle, and is listened to with profound and silent attention: a kind of modern THESPIS, reciting a lay composed by the genius and patience of some distinguished *Ludimagister:*

> Dicitur et Thespis vexisse poemata plaustris
>
> Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora. HOR. *de Art. poet.*

It is curious to observe how he goes about attracting an audience round his person. He plants himself at the junction of two different streets, —a known thoroughfare,—and, after making some preliminary preparations, which resemble in their way those of the blind minstrel described by Sir Walter Scott, he entones his ballad. One passer-by stops to listen. Another's attention is arrested. A third joins in because the other two are there. And thus, individual after individual—all of the lowest orders—gather about him, until gradually he finds himself encircled by a concourse of eager listeners. He then feels it his duty (to say nothing of his interest) to raise his voice, to swell out his notes powerfully, and look as if he knew himself to be the constituted and avowed controller of the crowd around him. He evidently exerts a great sway over their feelings. Sometimes they burst out into a loud laughter—but he is as grave as a sexton—sometimes they appear moved to a mood of sympathy—at other times they touch their hats (if they have any) and, whether or not, bow their heads: I know not why. I cannot catch the words. Perhaps the name of the QUEEN is mentioned, and such is the enthusiasm for VICTORIA, that all sorrow and oppression are forgotten by this class, when she is the theme of a ballad or a song.

His task is done. Many of his auditors pay a penny and take a copy of the rhymes. He has earned his morning's wages; and he goes to procure a meal. Towards evening he will re-appear on this spot, and go through the same act, with a variation of the words, and the tune.

EXHIBITION OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

I spent a very agreeable and instructive hour, in company with some of my Reverend friends, in examining the prize flowers and fruit which were exhibited to the public of Cork. The Hall is spacious and well adapted for such a purpose. The spectators were of the highest classes, and the productions of gardens and hothouses numerous, varied, and remarkable. A band of music, from the barracks, enlivened the place with excellent military pieces. It was here, that I had the pleasure of being, for the first time, introduced to the Rev. THOMAS ENGLAND, who wept bitter drops, when the name of his venerable brother was pronounced.

ARTS-UNION.

About the same time, the native productions, in painting and sculpture, were displayed for public inspection, in another part of the city. I had the honor of being introduced by one of the venerable brothers of the Bishop. The paintings were not generally of a very superior character —several pieces of sculpture, however, were perfect master-pieces, especially the busts of the "Apostle of Temperance," of the Mayor of the city, and of one of the Murphys, by Hogan. It seemed to me impossible for human art to bring out from the marble more exact likenesses, or more finished productions. But his "dead Christ" entitles the author, in all justice, to be styled the Phidias of Ireland.

> Phidiacusque labor pinxit spirantia signa.
> *Santeuil.*

PRESENTATION CONVENT.

Among the congenial solitudes of this retreat of the gentle and the pure —the saintly daughters of Religion, —in their sweet little chapel it was my delight to steal away from the noise of the metropolis, and offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. What devotional feelings are always awakened in a quiet sanctuary like this! All intense silence—an atmosphere of piety is spread around the altar. The soul that would not be lifted up to heavenly hopes and desires in such a place, cannot be open to the hallowed influences of Faith. How little is the world acquainted with the mysteries of a religious life! Yes, mysteries, in which are concentrated, imperviously to the carnal eye, the profoundest peace and the holiest self-love. That love of the immortal part, the true SELF, while the perishable part, which is only animated by the spark of soul for the purpose of purifying it from the dross of the passions and lighting it to happiness hereafter, is reduced to subjection and chastised, after the example of Saint Paul, and countless virgins of preceding ages. At the same time, what hidden, unseen joys lie in the depths of these mysteries! joys which it hath not entered into the heart of the world to conceive—like those stored up in heaven. It is only the CATHOLIC CHURCH that can be the mother of such daughters as dwell in these Eden-like shades. These reflections arose in my mind, as I mused, one lovely morning, under the bowers of this Convent.

A TEETOTAL DINNER.

It would be vain for me to express the honor which I felt was conferred on me, when I received an invitation from Father Mathew to partake of his hospitable board. Never shall I forget the circumstances under which, turning towards me his benevolent face, and taking my hand in the kindliest manner, "Come," he said, "and dine with me, and see how Teetotalers enjoy themselves." In effect, nowhere could be met more gentle manners, more heartfelt sympathies, more sincere tokens of welcome, and, at the same time, more social enjoyments, than at the table of this extraordinary man. All strangers who have participated in his conversation and society, acknowledge this fact; and the clergy of Cork are unanimous in their expression of attachment and respect for him; while the whole nation cherishes him as a benefactor and an apostle. Their late movement to erect to his honor some national monument testifies the truth of this: and there is no doubt but the grateful and natural generosity of the Irish people, of all denominations and orders (but especially Catholics) will rear up something worthy of the object, of the age, and of posterity. And I take this opportunity of declaring, that, whatever different opinions there may be with regard to the theory of Teetotalism, I have never published a word that is not favorable to the great and triumphant cause. On the contrary, I agree with the clergy of Cork, who, though not enrolled under its banners, admit, as I stated in my first number, *that it has done infinite good.* I trust that this assertion will not be called in question.

THE WORK-HOUSE.

In the suburbs of the city, on rather an elevated situation, a new asylum for the poor has recently been erected. My Reverend friend, George Sheehan, the Catholic chaplain, accompanied me through every department, and certainly the regularity and regard to comfort (as far as

can be expected in such an institution) are apparent to the observer. The number of children, male and female, is very great, many of whom have fine countenances, and under different circumstances might, perhaps, grow up distinguished personages. They are almost all Catholic (as well as the adults) and are instructed in their catechism by the chaplain, who says mass and preaches, in a spacious room, every Sunday and holiday, and spends many hours daily in hearing confessions and attending to their spiritual wants. For this occupation, he is allowed by the Corporation a stated salary, small indeed, much too small, but sufficient to satisfy the desires of a Priest and a Christian, whose whole life is an example of disinterestedness and zeal. I owe him this feeble tribute in return for his kindness and the attention of his excellent family to me during my sojourn in Cork.

MONKS OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

This religious Institution is too well-known in the Catholic world to require any eulogy from my pen. All persons, who are friends of humanity and religion, must be struck with admiration, when they contemplate the disinterested zeal of young men (for most of these monks are young) in withdrawing themselves from society, binding themselves by vows, and in virtue of these, dedicating their time, their talents, their strength, their all, to the instruction and education of poor children. To me no sight is more pleasing, and I will add, more sublime, than a number of resourceless children finding guardians and friends in strangers—who, from profession and duty, become more than protectors, nay, even fathers and brothers, to the little ones under their charge. This is the spirit of true religion, and in such institutions, which Protestantism cannot produce, the TRUTH of our Holy Religion glitters forth in rays of glorious evidence. Boast as it may of its philanthrophy and its adaptation to the age, Protestantism never yet has been, never will be, able to give birth to such associations of charity and benevolence, and universal good, as that of Saint Vincent de Paul, and this of the brotherhood of monks for the education of the poor. Our religion has been adapted to every age, to all times. Whenever circumstances required it, her Confessors stood ready to give an account of the faith that was in them; her Doctors filled their ponderous folios with learning and eloquence; her Martyrs exulted amid the torments inflicted by the executioner. When necessary, her Pontiffs stretched out the ægis of protection against the inroads of barbarism, and the ambition of warriors. Missionaries springing from the cloister, realized in remote regions the exclamation of the Psalmist: *quam pulchri pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!* Societies for the spread of truth and letters are her offspring. Her's was the glory of redeeming captives, of establishing hospitals, of founding asylums for the poor, the orphan, and the aged. All Catholic countries can boast of such like institutions; but none with greater reason than Ireland, proverbially the "Island of Saints." She especially claims as her own the glory of having given origin to the "Monks of the Christian Doctrine."

BISHOP KENRICK OF PHILADELPHIA, AND THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF VERMONT.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D.D.

The public attention has been called by a challenge of Dr. Hopkins, Protestant Bishop of Vermont, to Dr. P. Kenrick, Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, to enter into a controversy upon the claims of their respective churches. We consider this unexpected sign of battle as a mere policy on the part of Dr. Hopkins, in order to make the people believe that his cause is not a desperate one, and for this purpose he becomes an unprovoked aggressor; but he does not perceive that it is also a *sign* of the *fear* he labors under, of losing his followers, and increasing the Roman Catholic Church. Let us observe how these two champions present themselves in the field of controversy.

Bishop Kenrick says, "I am a Catholic Bishop, properly consecrated;" and all the Catholics, that is, the greatest part of Christendom, answer, *Surely you are.* The Protestants themselves answer, *So you are*, though teaching erroneous doctrines. Consequently, Dr. Kenrick is not in need of proving that he is a Bishop.

But Dr. Hopkins comes forward and says, "I am the Bishop of Vermont;" and the whole mass of Catholics answer, *You are not.* Protestants will answer, *You are;* but their own Church proves that they are not sure in their assertion, for every body knows that the form of ordination established by Edward IV. was different from the former one; and it has been altered afterwards, because it has been considered as not sufficient, as it does not express any thing that can constitute a Bishop. Therefore the ordinations of all those Bishops who were ordained according to the form established by Edward IV. are considered, to say the least, as doubtful ones by the very Church of England. It is not so openly said or established in its discipline, but it follows from it, as a natural consequence; and all the ordinations made by such Bishops, although using a different form, ought to be considered by the Church of England as doubtful ones. Therefore Dr. Hopkins is not acknowledged as a Bishop by the Catholics, and ought to be considered as a *doubtful one* by the Protestants. We find that this gentleman does not come forward in any advantageous manner, and he had better commence by proving that he is a Bishop, and let Bishop Kenrick alone. As friends of that Prelate, we desire him to live as long time as Dr. Hopkins will take to prove his episcopal dignity. Unless he receives from Heaven a document similar to *Smith's golden Bible*, he will not be more able to prove the validity of the Anglican ordination than all his predecessors.

Dr. Hopkins intends to convert the Catholics, and therefore he must give such proofs of his episcopacy as to leave no doubts in our mind about it; for as long as we consider him deprived of the dignity he assumes, he can have no hope of suc-

cess with us. But, candidly speaking, his challenge to Bishop Kenrick appears to us similar to that of a man, who, claiming a property, would apply several times to the court, and presenting no documents, or only objectionable ones, would meet, of course, with a merited rejection; and, notwithstanding, he would say to the other party, "I challenge you to appear at the court, where I will produce no documents, or bring those very ones that were so often refuted, and you shall see that I have an evident right to that property." From the time of the *mysterious* consecration of Parker, the case has been tried often and often before the whole Christian world, and the Church of England could never succeed in proving the validity and authority of her ministry. It is only believed by themselves, and supported for very obvious motives. We anticipate what Dr. Hopkins is going to say, for he will only repeat what has been a thousand times said by the *English Bishops*, and refuted by all the rest. Were this a *mere* point of doctrine, we could suppose that even upon dogmas human reason may find new arguments to oppose them, and also new ways to answer, (although even this would be almost impossible, so much being already said and written,) and we could expect something new from Dr. Hopkins; but the question with the Church of England is also upon the admission of a fact, that is, the consecration of Parker, and that of those who are said to have been his consecrators, and upon the vacancy of the sees they suppose to occupy. Indeed, from the very Acts of Parliament, it is proved that said sees were occupied by very different persons from the supposed consecrators of Parker. Consequently, Dr. Hopkins must confine himself to the proof of a fact upon which we doubt that he can say any thing new, or in any new manner.

Glancing at the *curious* challenge of Dr. Hopkins, (which the reader will find at the end of Bishop Kenrick's letter, inserted in this number,) we observe that he has already destroyed himself. He promises to prove that the doctrines of the Church of England are the same that were taught by their ancestors, and on this *conformity* of doctrines and constancy in teaching them, he grounds the claims of his church. What is this but the doctrine of *tradition* entertained by the Catholic Church, and despised hitherto by the Church of England? If the Scriptures without a note or comment are the only rule of faith, why does not Dr. Hopkins prove from them the rights of his church without the trouble of this historical investigation? Moreover, he confesses that there are *several communions* in his church, and he proposes to prove that there is no essential difference between them, and that all agree with the primitive doctrine. Is not this the very Catholic principle so often rejected and turned into ridicule by Protestants? However, he admits that there is a division in his church, which in vain he may try to prove to be merely accidental or upon no essential points, when we observe the nature of them and the excitement it has produced among the divines of his church, and the declarations made on this subject by several of their bishops.

Without pretending to enter into controversy, we beg leave to express our astonishment at the promise made by Dr. Hopkins of proving that all the doctrines of the Church of England are handed down from the primitive Church: for no prince ever was the head of the Church; not to say any thing about the rest of the doctrines of the NEW English church. St. Ambrose ordering the Emperor

Theodosius not to dare to enter the church, but to submit to the public penance, (which the Emperor performed,) was very far from considering him as the head of the church; neither did Theodosius consider himself as such.

Dr. Hopkins has taken a good step to succeed in his views of entertaining the public opinion for a long time without coming to any other result but that which has always been obtained in similar cases, viz.: that the public reads and hears a great deal, and nothing remains but the impression that both parties are obstinate in their respective views and cannot convince each other. And why? Because Protestants would never confine themselves to the discussion of one point till conviction will be produced, but pass from one to another and rather touch them all at once, thereby producing the greatest confusion, and indulging in every feeling of prejudice and animosity. Now Dr. Hopkins appears to follow the same plan, for he wishes that every point should be submitted to the discussion in order to be at liberty to treat also every point of the Catholic doctrine, and to mix them all, so that the discussion will not end in many years; and before that time the public will be disgusted and give up reading any thing on the subject. We suppose that some rules will be previously fixed to guide the discussion, but we know by experience that these rules are only a matter of form, when the subject itself allows the contending parties to expatiate as they please. Consequently, the challenge, as proposed by Dr. Hopkins, ought to be considered as an invitation to read once more all the misrepresentations of Protestants as to the Roman Church. We hope that in place of rules and preliminaries to the discussion, a certain point will be selected, and both parties will agree and compromise themselves before the public not to touch any other, unless it be essentially connected with one in question, and never to make it a subject for an answer. Some may say that we take upon ourselves to direct persons who are not in need of our advice, but we answer that we do not pretend to direct any body, but to exercise our right to express our opinion, which certainly is that of many others.

Should the discussion be carried on without confining it to one point, the result will be that Protestants will always say, and some of them will always believe, that Bishop Kenrick could not prove the novelty of the Anglican doctrine, and that he avoided to answer Dr. Hopkins on Purgatory, Inquisition, &c. &c., only because Bishop Kenrick, we are sure, will not be so uncautious as to follow the bird from branch to branch, when he can easily cut down the tree all at once. Let Dr. Hopkins prove that he is a Bishop; let him, moreover prove that he has jurisdiction. Let him point out the places where we can find the *evident* proof of his ministry. But in the mean time we shall apply to him that well-known verse of Virgil,—

Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi Magnus Apollo.

INSTITUTION OF IGNATIUS.

BY J. CARNE, ESQ., A PROTESTANT AUTHOR.

The history of missions during the last three centuries is a beautiful memorial of the advancement of learning and the glory of Christianity. Among the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits were eminent astronomers, naturalists, mechanicians, and literati, who cultivated the field of Oriental science and literature, the harvest of which has since been reaped by their Protestant successors. The Jesuit missionaries, as Ricci, Verbiest, De Nobilibus, and others, were followed by men equal to themselves in diligence and perseverance, and far superior in extent of Eastern learning. In the minds of all these men, a sublime religious enthusiasm was joined to a happy genius; and, in some, the acquisition of knowledge became as strong a thirst as that of the conversion of souls. Yet when the missionary, pale with his own vast researches, went forth to the cottage and the wild, to the poor and ignorant, to preach, to pray, to converse about his Lord, it was like the rushing of waters in a thirsty land; and as the wearied soul drank of them, it often felt "there was no joy like unto that joy." Let not our admiration be refused to the first laborers in the vineyard, even while we wonder that the religion they introduced was so soon permitted to decay. A more pure and glorious day of missions has risen upon us, whose sun shall no more go down: each year, each month brings fresh tidings of the triumph of the truth —the uncorrupt, the unclouded, the imperishable truth.

The biographer is fortunate who has to consider the "Society of Jesus" only in its purest career, in heathen and idolatrous lands, where it did much for the glory of God and the welfare of man. Whether we think of its mighty mass of intellect, of the thousands of immortal souls saved through its agency, or the sufferings of its eight hundred martyrs,—we cannot but follow its details with the liveliest interest. The founder of this society was a man of no ordinary mind and character: he has been represented by his enemies as an impostor and a fanatic, before he became a Christian. Born of a noble family, he early entered into the profession of arms, and was addicted to all its excesses, save those of cruelty and rapine. At the siege of Najara, on the frontiers of Biscay, he behaved with great valor, but refused to share in the rich booty, in which all besides participated. At a time when gaming was a general vice, he disliked it; and in the midst of a hot and fiery soldiery, a keen observer might have remarked in the anxiety of Loyola to settle disputes and maintain brotherhood, the germs of the spiritual legislator. In the siege of Pampeluna by André de Foix, brother of the celebrated Lautrec, he was struck by a cannon-ball, and fell in the breach. The French treated him with respect, and he was carried on a litter to the castle of Loyola. There, during the pain and confinement occasioned by his wounds, the light of heaven first broke on his soul: the light, how-

ever, was long unsteady; it faded and brightened, and again almost died away. It was not until a later period, and upon a close and rigorous examination of his inward man, that it became stedfast and animating, and thus continued even to the last. The vow made on his bed of sickness was of the kind which fighting men were especially fond of in that age—to travel to Jerusalem, behold the holy places, and dedicate his life to God. As soon as he was recovered, he went to hang up his arms over the altar of the Blessed Virgin at Montserrat, and watched all night, like a true devotee and an enthusiastic, though the latter word had a milder meaning three centuries ago. He afterwards resided at Manreza, in a pilgrim's habit, and lodged in the hospital among the poor, whom he attended carefully; and practised mortifications of every kind, for above a year. In August, 1523, he landed at Joppa and proceeded to Jerusalem, where his curiosity, or rather his devotion, was richly gratified; for the least curious and tasteful of all men are the enthusiastic pilgrims; and a leaf, a rock, a relic of priestly antiquity, or the earth from the banks of Jordan and Siloam, have more charms in their eyes than the picturesque beauties, the sublime desolation, and the indelible features of Palestine. He did not remain long in the country, where he kept a journal of his feelings, which were vividly and wildly awake. Amidst the visions, adventures, and forebodings that Loyola underwent, it was fortunate that he retained his mental vigor. But he was a vessel of iron, in which the silver and the gold were strangely mingled, and a vessel chosen for a great work. On his return to Spain, many companions espoused his sentiments, and so many flocked around to listen to his instructions, that he attracted the notice of the Inquisition. After quitting the army, he had applied himself to learning, in which his previous attainments were very scanty, although he had been educated at court. In 1528 he came to Paris, with a resolution to pursue his studies vigorously, and went through a course of philosophy and divinity; and here he began the formation of his celebrated Society.

With all his failings, it is not too much to say, that in this and in the after periods of his life, Loyola was not a fanatic, and far less an impostor. His mind was too powerful to condescend to the former: and who that reads his Spiritual Exercises will venture to say he was the latter? It was his passionate desire that Christ might be preached to the utmost ends of the earth, and that all nations of the earth might know the Lord, and call him blessed. He was ambitious, it is true, but not as the world accuses him; his was not the ambition of earthly honor and glory, it aimed at a loftier flight. Never were disciples more obedient to the spirit and commands of a master, than were those of Loyola. They strove to labor in lands where barbarism alone reigned, and where without a murmur they loved to endure contumely and ill-usage, to court the stake or the faggot, and to look with unblenched cheek on agony more fearful than words can describe. These were not the friends and followers of an impostor. But he did not attain this settled love of religion, and this collected stedfastness of purpose, till after a long struggle. The year passed by him at Manreza, near Montserrat, immediately after his conversion, was spent in meditations of a wild and various character. There was the remainder of the world and the world's thoughts commingled with thoughts which were not of the

world, but of things beyond it and above it: a conflict that, long and intensely maintained, might have made a weak mind give way, but caused a mind of more than ordinary strength to retrace, and cleave to the blessed path it had entered upon. On his couch, in the privacy of his morning and evening, and in the fulness of his day, this struggle went on within him,—for the heart and the intellect, resolved alike on great things, which as yet they felt and saw but dimly, strove for a perfect freedom from the past. At times he even doubted, and this was agony: again and again he reviewed his mind, and observed the effect produced on it by evil thoughts and good thoughts, by evil imaginings and good imaginings: but of what avail was this research, till he looked simply to God for succor? Perhaps this strife sharpened his naturally acute judgment, and tended also to give it too exquisite a subtlety, and a love of distinctions, which to many minds may be at first scarcely distinguishable, and of shades of difference which to many may be unappreciable. The fruits of this year at Manreza are to be found in those meditations which, revised by himself at a later period, were published at Rome in 1548, under the title of "Exercitia Spiritualia."

In these Exercises he commences by meditating on the end for which we were created; and this he recommends as the first subject of meditation to his disciples and followers, for without it no grace will come. Such meditations will produce blessed fruits; which fruits are, that we become thoroughly convinced that in this world nothing should be wished for or sought after, but in so far as it may lead to the greater glory of God. When we have thoroughly convinced ourselves of this, then we know our way, and may travel on without danger of losing it. After going on to represent two standards, one of Christ, the other of Lucifer, Ignatius proceeds to exhort us to take part with the former, the great Captain of our salvation, and not with the enemy. He then considers what may be termed the sacrifices required of man, to enable him to do this; and, an example being required, he gives us that example in our Redeemer. He goes on to lay down those rules which should guide us in the choice and selection of that particular state of life, in which the Almighty calls upon us to imitate the virtues of his Son. The rules of conduct contained in the Exercises will be admitted by the candid reader to be indicative of the spirit and intentions of the author. Justice is due to a man who, at a period when fanaticism was all-powerful, and form all-mighty, ventured to preach that prayer was more efficacious than form, and that it might be efficacious without it. To suppose that the study of Loyola's work produced an influence upon the souls of those who studied it, so as to work them up to terror and fanaticism, is to take a false and mistaken view of its nature. If it did at times produce these effects, it could only have been in minds naturally weak, or naturally prone to that species of enthusiasm. Its better tendency and intentions are to give man a spiritual command over himself. * * * * * *

We have only to consider a purer and a better hour, that first hour of glowing energy and zeal, that casts a glory round all religious sects and systems, and called Xavier to Asia, Anchieta to Brazil, and missionaries to the wilds of North America, to the burning plains of South America, and to the utmost confines of the pagan world. Was this fanaticism? The rule by which all offices must be gratuitous, by which it was forbidden to receive any thing for the

education of children, for masses performed, for preaching, confessing, and pursuing spiritual works, together with the instructions in which Loyola recommends his followers to divide their time so as to serve the Lord and to do good to mankind—might be enthusiasm, but any other term would be unjust. Perhaps one of his most touching exhortations is that wherein he advises frequent meditation on the works and the goodness of God, and an examination of that goodness in all his natural works; in every flower and in every herb, even the most minute and most neglected, for there also his glory is beautifully manifested. His reveries on the mysteries of the passion of Jesus Christ, and on the sublime examples of virtue which shine forth so conspicuously and so gloriously in his life, are likely to induce the reader to lose himself also in reveries, from which he would not be likely to awake with a cold heart or a diseased fancy. Undoubtedly the age which witnessed and called forth torture and death in the service of God, required sterner and closer regulations for the spirit and the life than the present. The enthusiasm of Loyola was in admirable keeping, and did not war with his cold and clear intellect. His was not a fiery zeal;—there was a spiritual composure in his actions: nor do we find wild imaginings and extravagant fancies, either of heart or mind, in his maturer days. There was evidently in him a singleness of disposition, that does not warrant the idea that his Society was instituted for those worldly objects which have formed the burden of the accusations against it. Some of his successors, as generals of the Society, possessed more of that proud and commanding talent which was likely to give the accusations the semblance of truth. Claudius Acquaviva, for example, had a more stern knowledge of mankind and its weakness than Loyola, and, in addition, a more thorough contempt of man's intellect; and, feeling his own intellectual superiority, he might have had a greater inclination to assume worldly power. Loyola appears to have aimed solely at spiritual power; and, however we may at the present time be moved to suspect the intentions of one aiming at that dominion, still, under the circumstances of the period in which he lived, spiritual power was very necessary to the existence of his religion. Let the date of his career, and the nature of the Society of which he was the founder, be correctly considered. At the period of his conversion, the religious world was in a manner convulsed: abuses, and those to a great extent, had crept into the Church of Rome. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * The foundations of the stately fabric of the Romish church seemed loosening, its walls were tottering, and decay seemed visibly at work. * Luther, Calvin, and other reformers, though the time was arrived when the power of that church could be shaken, and its glory and mightiness taken away for ever. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * At this crisis, Loyola stood forth in a broad and remarkable light. He saw the threatening storm: he saw whence the evil came, and that a bulwark must be instantly raised against the

inroads of the enemy. He confessed that in the church on which he trusted for salvation there was fault, and he set himself to repair that fault, and raise the bulwark. Did he succeed in his object? In one respect he did, for the foundation of the Society of Jesus checked the rapid progress of Protestantism; and the sons of Loyola threw back by their united labors the torrent which was threatening to overwhelm the temples of their faith.

At a time when conflicting opinions unsettled the minds of men, and made them ardent in pursuit of change, it was absolutely necessary that Loyola should be rigid in enforcing those laws which were to regulate his new Society. It was quite evident that its members must be effectually guarded from the contagion which was abroad, and this was only to be done by strictness and severity in all spiritual matters. At a time also, when the activity and energy of the reformers were contrasted with the laxity and indifference of the members of the Catholic Church, it was right that the members of this Society should be doubly endowed with energy and perseverance. At a time when the dissolute morals of churchmen gave a handle to reproach and to scoffers, it was right that the "Society of Jesus" should be as complete an example in morals as in talent. At a time when the intellectual powers of the Protestants were beginning to astonish the world, it was necessary that those who set themselves in array against their progress should, if possible, excel also in intellect. Did Loyola or his followers fail in any of one of the above particulars? Are not theirs the greatest number of martyrs in the cause of the Lord among the heathen? Is not the most brilliant, the most varied, the most extensive talent to be found among the sons of Loyola? In that age, the most complete sacrifice of human feelings and passions for the good of mankind, and the purest moral conduct, are to be found in these much calumniated men. Even their most bitter enemies, who abused the Jesuits as a body, were often found to praise them individually. Perhaps mere assertions like these may appear unsafe and inconclusive; may it be allowed to attempt a balance of the evil and the good? If, on one hand, we accuse the Jesuits as disturbers of thrones, and regicides; may we not, on the other, point to the eight hundred martyrs in the solitudes of Asia and America? Pascal wrote against the Jesuits, Voltaire and D'Alembert accused them of crimes; but Cardinal Fleury confessed their value, Bossuet praised them, and Lord Chancellor Bacon applied to them the words, "*talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.*" Leibnitz indignantly defended them; Montesquieu, Buffon, and Haller honored their labors, and witnessed to their virtues. * * * * *

There are two or three points of doctrine which have brought much discredit upon the community, and of course upon Loyola as the founder: these are, the "Probable Opinion," and the "Peccatum Philosophicum." When the parliament of Paris, in execution of an arreté of the court, ordered all objectionable passages in the writings of members of the Society to be extracted and published, was it likely that the opinions of the earlier members would be overlooked, if they could in any degree aid the heavy accusations brought against the Society? The earliest author quoted in the extracts before the

parliament as holding the doctrine of Probabilism, wrote in the year 1600, and on the doctrine of Peccatum Philosophicum in the year 1607; therefore it may be affirmed, that Loyola and his immediate followers were altogether innocent of such doctrines. The truth is, that of Probabilism was unknown to the schools before 1577, and that it then owed its origin to a Spanish doctor of divinity, not, as Pascal would affirm, to a Jesuit. On the contrary, the very first divines who combated the doctrine were Jesuits; and one of these in particular, Gonzales, is highly praised by Bossuet for the erudition and uprightness with which he handled the subject. At a later period, the "Probable Opinion" was taught by the Jesuits, as by many other religious communities. One other accusation may be shortly hinted at,—that the "Society of Jesus" have upheld the doctrine of king-killing. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, one John Petit, a graduate of the University of Paris, being bribed by the Duke of Burgundy, openly defended this thesis, "It is not only lawful but meritorious to kill a tyrant." The Council of Constance condemned this doctrine in 1414. Of the Jesuits, one alone attempted in some measure to revive it; this was Mariana; and the moment his work was published, its suppression was ordered, and its doctrine repudiated, by the Society. The decree of Claudius Acquaviva points out more decidedly how repugnant such a doctrine was to the Society. The doctrine of obedience, so strongly inculcated by Loyola, and cherished by even his most gifted coadjutors, is less defensible, because, however justifiable at the time, it was easy in aftertimes to abuse it to the worst purposes. It took away in too great a degree the free-will of the members of the Society; and it was wrong and perilous that one man should have such despotic power over the many, however necessary it might be to keep them together by one governing head. The following passage, describing the result of this principle of government, cannot be found fault with, if we could divest ourselves of the persuasion that it might, and even did, become an engine of great mischief in the way of an unprincipled or ambitious man. "In this family, Latin and Greek, Portuguese and Brazilian, Irish and German, Spanish and French, Briton and Belgian, are of one opinion. And in such different minds let there be no contention, no dispute, nothing by which any one could perceive that they were more than one. They are of opinion, that it matters not where they were born; the same purpose, the same manner of life, the same vow, bind them together." The object of this obedience was to keep the Society unchanged in its rules, inviolable in its doctrines, which, it must be confessed, is desired and demanded by all church governments and religious communities, but none ever had recourse to a like indomitable rule, and a like minute and sagacious system. In China, Japan, and Paraguay, in the loneliest wilderness, and on the most stormy sea, this principle of entire and devoted obedience was owned by every missionary: yet it was not more a principle than an attachment; "If ever I forget thee, O Society of Jesus," says Xavier, "may my right hand forget its cunning!" It may seem strange to say, that this stern system was to its disciples a loveable one; and there are passages in their letters, in simple and sincere lan-

guage, which prove that it was at once their study and their pride.

Obloquy has been heaped upon Loyola, yet few men in that age gave less good ground for accusation; for he seems to have possessed a tranquility of mind, a firmness of purpose, a clearness of perception, a sternness of judgment, and at the same time a simplicity of manners, which few of his contemporaries possessed; and these qualities became more apparent as he advanced in years. An enthusiast;—ambitious also: but it was a noble enthusiasm, a justifiable ambition. Surely his heart was inspired by the love of God, and his passionate desire was that the uttermost parts of the earth should know and love him also. Thus he says, "It is not enough to serve the Lord, all hearts ought to love him, all tongues ought to praise him." Those who study his life, his actions, his writings, and the lives and characters of his coadjutors, by which his own may also be judged, will hardly fail to come to this conclusion. If the attachment of friends and intimates is an assurance of a man's amiability of heart and temper, Ignatius was fortunate. The veneration of his followers was very great, and it was sometimes mixed with a tenderness of expression and feeling which is surprising. The most celebrated of his missionaries, a nobleman by birth, always wrote to him on his knees. "God is my witness," he writes, "my best and dearest father, how much I wish to behold you again in this life. I think continually on what I have often heard you say, that those of our Society ought to exert their utmost force in vanquishing themselves, and in banishing all those fears which usually hinder us from placing our whole confidence on God. As you know the bottom of our souls, awaken our languishing and drowsy virtue, and inspire us with a love of true perfection. I am all yours, even to a degree that I cannot express, yet I am the least of your children." In writing to his brother missionaries, he thus expresses himself, "I pray you by our Lord, I conjure you by the obedience and by the love that you owe to our father Ignatius, that all of you, both great and small, respect his wishes, for he is our parent. It behoves us to obey him."

A brief account of the intellectual preparation of the noviciates may serve further to illustrate the preceding observations. Never were missionaries sent forth so completely furnished with the stores of knowledge and learning, or more disposed to diffuse those stores through the farthest regions of the earth. There was first for the candidate a probation of two years; after that came the period of scholastic study; then a third year of probation: the simple vows were then taken; and five years after, the final vows. Any youth desirous of entering into the Society, was particularly questioned by an examiner, appointed for that purpose. The examination had for its object to discover, as far as it may be possible, his powers of mind; whether he may have any defect of capacity, which may hereafter render him a useless member of the Society. All doubts upon these points were referred to the Superior, who decided if he should be admitted to the noviciate. Particular inquiry was also made of the mode of his life up to that time; and this inquiry was not confined to himself and his friends, but was extended to the neighborhood in which he had lived. After this preliminary examination, he was questioned upon the five impediments which exclude from the Society, and which belong to its secret constitution. The candidate was then questioned as to his reasons for wishing to enter into the community, when he first thought

of doing so, and how long since: and he was farther questioned as to his worldly means, whether he is afflicted with any hereditary malady or bodily defect; whether any of his ancestors had been in any degree affected with the poison of heresy, or been guilty of erring against the Catholic faith. To conclude, he was questioned if he was acquainted with any branch of handicraft. The duties of the examinator closed by his explaining to him all the difficulties and trials he must undergo in his noviciate: he was then handed over to the Magister Novitiorum. The office of this master was to watch that the novices had a full understanding of what they read, and to meet the doubts which might arise in their minds. The works, of which he was found to have a most intimate knowledge, and which were to be put into the hands of the novice, were about thirty in number, chiefly on scholastic divinity, and a few works of the Fathers of the church. It having been decided that the candidate was to be admitted to probation during the space of twelve or twenty days, he was treated as a guest of the Society, in order that the different members might obtain a more thorough insight into his character, and a more accurate acquaintance with his habits and mode of thinking. After this, all communication with the external world was cut off, except so far as was absolutely necessary. Copies of the "Librum Examinis," of the "Constitutiones," and "Regulæ Communes" of the Society, were put into his hands for study, and shortly after a copy of the Apostolic Letters of Pope Julius the Third. When the period of regular probation arrived, care was taken that the novice exercised the six Experiments pointed out by the Constitutions of the Society: they formed the principal labor of the noviciate. The Spiritual Exercises were first to be studied: the second trial of the novice was to attend for a month at the hospital: he was next sent out for a month's pilgrimage without money, to beg in the name of Christ: in his fourth trial he was called upon to act the part of a menial, to teach him humility and self-denial; and towards the end of the year he was tried in preaching and confessions. Every morning at the sound of a bell he rose; an hour was spent in reading, another in prayer and meditation; the next in industrious occupations; then he conferred with three or four probationers, not to dispute and argue with keenness and asperity, but with all humility of manner and modesty of learning; for arrogance and conceit were crushed in the bud. Sometimes doubts and difficulties were advanced, to be discussed in all their bearings, refuted or explained. They then considered how such and such a temptation was to be met and conquered; each gave and supported his opinion, and the master at last decided. The rest of the day was divided between manual labor, the study of Christian doctrine, in bodily recreations, in examinations by the master, before whom, being all assembled, an amicable controversy was held. The memory also was disciplined,—a most important part. How often do men in the decline of life regret that they had not early made the discipline of their memories a more peculiar care?

After the two years' noviciate was thus completed, and all its trials past, he was admitted to be a scholastic, and informed he could not quit the Society without permission of the general, nor join any religious body but that of the Carthusians, under pain of excommunication, according to the bull of Pius the Fifth, 1565. Now become a scholastic, his education was no longer merely spiritual;

he entered on a regular course of study in languages, rhetoric, belles-lettres, and, in fine, every branch of polite literature. The first object was to lay a solid foundation of Latinity: and it was now decided what was to be his destination in future life. If he was intended for a theologian, a professor, a missionary, so was his course of study shaped. The teachers were instructed to observe closely the propensities of the student's mind, to what it inclined, and, penetrating the path of his mental life, to guide him steadily along it. It was this admirable attention to their habits and inclinations, which made the Jesuits so secure as to the after career of their students, and it was this also which conduced to render their missionaries ever useful and ever respectable. Had these missionaries been sent out at random, without this attention having been paid to prove and perfect their qualifications for the task, often and fatally would the Society have been deceived in its expectations of good results. The scholastic having completed his studies, now entered upon another year of probation, which, as the two first years, was entirely occupied in spiritual studies. He now labored more powerfully to acquire spiritual strength, to obtain the mastery over his mind, to make entirely subservient to his will, to check his worldly inclinations, and to render himself, in fine, worthy of becoming a child of Loyola.

This year of probation being completed, the aspirant was admitted to take the simple vows; and, after this, five years must pass before he was permitted to take the final and irrevocable vows. During the five years, he might, with the permission of the superior, quit the Society, but the final vow tied him down irrevocably a member. During the years of his probation, the novice was strictly questioned every six months as to whether he was completely satisfied with his choice; what effect the various trials he might have passed through, had upon his mind; whether he felt his bodily and mental powers improving, and fit for the labors of the Society; whether he was firm in his resolve to live and die in its bosom; and, finally, he must describe the state of his conscience. The years of his probation and the scholastic years, taken together, formed a long period of study; rarely, indeed was a member admitted before the age of thirty-three.

This slight sketch of the studies and discipline of the Jesuits may not be thought unnecessary, as it will serve in no small degree to illustrate the minds and career of their missionaries. Yet the portrait of Ignatius, as well as that of his disciples, would be imperfect without some mention of the celebrated "Spiritual Exercises," which were faithfully observed in every corner of the globe—in the cave, the dungeon, and the desert; on the eve of martyrdom, as in the hour of the Church's glory. In the solitude of his retreat at Manreza he seems to have put together, and afterwards completed, such spiritual rules and directions as he thought necessary and useful, in the shape of meditation, when the soul is seeking the removal of evil passions and desires, and striving after an intimate union with its God. He sought to cast the mind down from its proud imaginings, till, assisted by divine grace, it might arrive at a point where its wishes, feelings, and imaginings would cease to be injuriously affected by the external world. That this mastery was achieved, or, materially promoted, by the imagination being mainly wrought upon, is not apparent; nor does it appear

that any very remarkable instances of exalted and ungovernable imaginations are to be found among the Jesuits; on the contrary, they seem to have carried, in a striking degree, sound sense, reason, and discretion along with them. The effect of these "Spiritual Exercises," which were rigid in the extreme, was rather to sharpen than to dull the intellect. They might be truly termed, by their admirers, the "Search after God;" but a search too intense and unremitting, for many a heart and intellect, which retired early, shattered from the field. Eight days in every year, in every region, at either pole, were set apart for the Exercita Spiritualia with as much eagerness as if they had been perfectly refreshing both to mind and body. They, undoubtedly, gave an intenseness to the thoughts and a spiritual energy to all the resolves and hopes, and mainly contributed to the end that Loyola intended; for the history of the world does not show us any society of men who have been so able to master their inclinations and subdue their passions, while, at the same time, the powers of the mind to which those passions and inclinations belonged, remained so unbroken and uninjured. It is not surprising that their enemies, while they hated them, feared them; when they scorned them, admired them; and whilst they abused them, confessed their talents and influence.

Aware of the inflammable nature of the imagination, and its perilous connection with a macerated body, Loyola says in the 48th of his "Constitutions,"—"The chastisement of the body ought not to be immoderate or indiscreet, in watchings and fastings, and other external acts of penitence and labors, which usually produce injury and hinder great good." He knew that to weaken the physical frame, was to weaken the mental, for, with very few exceptions, these two sympathize closely.

During the eight days' retreat, to which allusion is at times made in these memoirs, there is no call for new mortifications of the flesh. The spirit alone is to be mortified, its ideas and desires purified. To each of these days four meditations are assigned, with each of which is mingled several examinations. Pinamonti says, "So many strings are in one harp, and none of them superfluous, because they are placed in the instrument that it may have all kinds of notes, and each variety of melody, and not in order that all these notes may be in every tune." Mental prayer, self-examination, spiritual reading, and declaration of conscience, constitute the four exercises of meditation. In entering upon them, two objects must be steadily kept in view; the aid of grace, and our co-operation with that grace. To this end, it is recommended that for several days previous, the mind should prepare itself by prayer to God for spiritual strength. "Prayer ascends, and the mercy of God descends," says St. Augustine. In this preparation you consider—1. How much God has done for your eternal salvation. 2. How much the Lord has suffered, that you may be saved. 3. How much you yourself have dared or suffered for your salvation's sake. Deep meditations upon these subjects are absolutely and imperatively necessary to prevent the precious days that follow from being spent in vain, "for although grace cometh from the Author of all good, still he will adapt his gifts only to the measure of your disposition to receive them." The mind, thus prepared, may enter with a prospect of profit into the spiritual exercises, and it may pass into its retirement with a promise of good fruits. The follow-

ing table will give a more accurate detail of this "Retreat."

FIRST DAY.

Meditation 1. On the end of man.

Consideration 1. God is the first and the last.

2. He is also the supreme blessedness.

Meditation 2. Of the means furnished you, to enable you to work out your ultimate end.

Consideration 1. The abundance those means.

2. The abuses you have made of them.

3. The amending of those abuses.

Examination of the first day—On the desire of saving the soul.

Consider 1. Your desire of saving your soul. 2. The quality of this desire. 3. The origin of your langor in this desire. 4. The means to be adopted. 5. The perils to which you are exposed. 6. The impediments to be removed. 7. If in your heart there be any saying altogether opposed to your salvation.

These exercises demanded an entire seclusion from the world, whether performed within walls and cells; or, when the votary had no home, within the tent, the cavern, or the grove. The second days meditations were "On our sins—on death—on the death of the sinners and the just." The other days are divided into "the grievousness of mortal sin, on the evil of venial sins, on confession, on the pains of hell, and on the judgment." They are separated into three classes; the Via Purgativa, the Via Illuminativa, and the Via Unitiva. The above meditations belong to the first of these; the second, the illuminating way, include "on your bearing toward your neighbor, on the kingdom of Christ, on the evangelical doctrine, on carrying the cross." The eighth day includes "on the resurrection of Christ, on love towards God, on the theological virtue." Consider 1. the esteem in which you hold this virtue, 2. the motive of your faith, 3. the motives which induce you to be a believer, 4. the means of fortifying yourself in the faith, 5. the exercise of this faith, 6. your hope in it, 7. your love, 8. your feelings with respect to this love, which is the queen of virtues, 9. the means of preserving it, and its exercise. Besides the above meditations and examinations, there was also a reading for each day. The subjects chosen were:—1st day. The langor of faith as a hindrance to salvation. 2d day. On the rashness of him who sins, trusting to confession. 3d, 4th, 5th, On pride, on idleness, on the love of money, as hindrances to salvation. 6th, On the moderate love of pleasures. 7th, On the too slight love of God. 8th, On the means for retaining the fruit of these exercises. In which, exclusive of some points and sentiments peculiar to the Church of Rome, there was much to improve and strengthen the soul. Many meditations and examinations of these eight days have been omitted, lest they should appear tedious.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

YOUTH'S ASPIRATIONS.

NUMBER ONE.

" How oft, as I looked on the young summer bird,
So lovely in plumage, with many rich dyes,
Its mellowest notes, as I joyfully heard,
Poured lusciously forth, to the soft tinted skies,

Have I longed for the magical power to change
Myself, to these tiny fair creatures of song,
And gladly, o'er valley and mountain to range,
And breathe my young spirit, these minstrels among.

Oh! sweet was the thought, when so chainless and free,
I could quaff the pure fragrance of clustering flowers ;
Or culling the dew-drops, that gemmed the green tree,
Exult in the treasures of nature's own bowers:

There hail the bright sun, as he gloriously rose,
With a melody due to the monarch of day ;
And warble farewell, when he sank to repose,
As I caught his last look, from the loftiest spray.

When the voice of the summer was heard in a sigh,
As it quitted the home, where it beauteous grew,
And sere, plaintive leaves told that winter was nigh,
I would stretch forth my pinions and bid them adieu!

Oh ! away and away, to the dear sunny climes,
Where blossoms the wild rose, by the south wind fanned,
And the orange grove thrills, with the evergreen limes,
To the music of founts, in that loveliest land !

There nestling embosomed, in tenderest leaves,
With a spirit, as pure as the breath of the sea,
Void of ills that annoy, and of sorrow that grieves,
To chant e'er the song of the happy and free.

And what is this wish of a creature so young,
But the yearning of soul, to hurry away,
(Deep felt by us all, though unwhispered by tongue,)
Immortal in hope, from the trammels of clay !

Like the birds of the morning, with hymnings of glee,
In rosiest light, from the heavens above,
We fluttering are seen, amid floweret and tree,
Emparadised there, in the bower of love.

But when light has come down on the summer of years,
We long for the realms with ethereal glow
All radiant: we soar from these valleys of tears
To those which no cloud or vicissitude know.

And there in that Eden, eternally green,
Whilst visions of loveliness beam to the eye,
Our spirits commingle, all bright and serene,
And trill the sweet songs of that balmiest sky! L.

SOIRÉES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

BOOK VI. CHAPTER V.

"ONE word more on this reputation of Locke, which has given you some embarrassment. Do you see it is general? have you counted the votes —or what is still more important— have you weighed them well? If you can distinguish the voice of wisdom in the midst of the clamors of ignorance and party-spirit, you may assure yourself that *Locke is very little esteemed as a metaphysician in his own country.** That on the fundamental point of his philosophy, *given to ambiguity and verbiage, he is quite convinced that he does not understand himself.*† *That the first book, which is the basis of all the others, is the worst.*‡ *That in the second, he treats of the soul but superficially.*§ *That the entire work is patched up and made for the occasion.*‖ *That his philosophy of the soul is very slim, and does not deserve to be seriously refuted.*¶ *That it implies opinions as absurd as their consequences are fatal.*** *That though they were neither false nor dangerous, they are good only for youth, and that merely to a certain point.*†† *That if Locke had lived long enough to see the consequences that are drawn from his principles, he would himself have torn up with indignation his guilty pages.*‡‡

For the rest, gentlemen, we may well *attest*, that the authority of Locke will be with difficulty overthrown, only in as much as it is sustained by great powers. In twenty French works of the last century, I have read: *Locke* and *Newton!* Such is the privilege of great nations. Had it pleased the French to say, *Corneille* and *Vadé*, or even *Vadé* and *Corneille*, did euphony which decide many things, graciously consent to it, I am ready to believe that they would have compelled us to repeat with them, *Vade* and *Corneille.*"

"You concede great power to us, Count," said the Chevalier. "I return you many thanks in the name of my nation."

"I do not concede this power, my dear Chevalier," uttered the Count, "I merely *recognize* it; and therefore you deserve no thanks. I should like to have nothing but compliments to address you on this point; but you are a terrible power! Never, indeed, did there exist a nation more

* *Spectateur Français au 19th siécle*, tom. i. No. 35, p. 249.

† *Hume's Essay on the Hum. Uuderst.* § 117. London, 1758, p. 292.

‡ Beattie Loc. At. ii. 2. 1.

§ Condillac, *Essai sur l'Orig. des Conn. Hum.* Paris, 1798, Introd. p. 15.

‖ Condillac, *ibid*, p. 13.

¶ Leibnitz, opp. tom. v. in 4to., p. 304. Epist. ad Korth. loc cit. To this philosophical conundrum, I confess I can give no serious answer. Beattie, *ibid.*

** *Idem*, *ibid.*

†† *Idem.* tom. v.

‡‡ Beattie, ubi supr. p. 16, 17

easy to be deceived, or more difficult to be undeceived, or more powerful to deceive others. Two particular characteristics distinguish you from all other people of the world: the spirit of association, and that of proselytism. With you, all ideas are national and impassioned. It seems to me that a prophet, with a single stroke of his bold pencil, has painted you to nature, twenty-five centuries ago, when he exclaims: *Every word of this people is a conspiracy!** His electric pencil, running over, like the lightning from whence it is derived, a mass of men always in communication with one another, feebly represents the instantaneous invasion, I had almost said fulminating, of one taste, one system, one passion among the French, who cannot live *isolated*. Were you merely to act upon yourselves, you might do as you please; but the inclinations, the necessity, the fury to act upon others likewise, is the most prominent trait of your character. It might be said that this trait is *yourselves*. Every people has its mission: this is yours. The slightest opinion you hurl over Europe is a battering-ram worked by thirty millions of men. Always greedy of success and influence, one would think that you live only to gratify this want; and as a nation would not have received a dastination without the means of accomplishing it, you have received this in your language, by which you reign more than by your arms, although they have shaken the universe. The empire of this language is not confined to its actual forms: it is as ancient as language itself; and as early as the 13th century, an Italian wrote in French the history of his country, *because the French language was known over all the world, and was the most pleasant to read or hear, of all others.*† There are a thousand instances of this kind. I remember to have read a letter of the famous architect, Christopher Wren, in which he examines the dimensions proper for a church. He determined them solely by the extent of the human voice: and he was right—as preaching has become the principal part of the worship, and nearly the whole of the worship in temples where the sacrifices have ceased. He fixes, then, the boundaries, beyond which the voice, to an English ear, is nothing but a sound. But he says: *a French orator would be heard further, his pronunciation being more distinct and firm.* What Wren says of words pronounced by the tongue, seems to me to be still more true respecting words far more penetrating which sounds in books. The French are heard farthest—for style is an accent. May that mysterious force, hitherto so badly explained, and not less powerful for good or for evil, soon become the organ of a salutary proselytism capable of consoling humanity for all the evils you have committed!

In courtesy, Chevalier, until your nation will cease to be infatuated with Locke, I have no hope to see him ranked in his proper sphere, except in England. His rivals, being the distributors of the renown of Europe, the Anglo-mania which has troubled and ruined them in the last century, was extremely useful and honorable to the English, who knew well how to take advantage of it. A number of authors of that nation, such as Young, Richardson, &c., have been known and relished in Europe only by French translations and recommendations. We read in the Memoirs of Gibbon, a letter, in which he said, speaking of the novel

* *Omnia quæ loquitur populus iste Conspiratio est.* Is. viii. 12.

† Fra. *Martin de Canal.* Vid. Tiraboschi Stor. Dell. Lettre. Ital. in 8vo. Venice, 1795. Tom. iv. lib. iii. ch. 1.

of Clarissa, *It is very bad.* Horace Walpole, afterwards Count of Oxford, did not think better of it, as I believe I have read in some part of his works. But the demoniac Diderot, wasting in France upon Richardson eulogies which he would not have lavished upon Fénélon himself, was not checked by the English, and with reason. The fascination of the French on certain points, of which the English themselves, though interested, judged very differently, will one day be remarked. Nevertheless, as in the study of philosophy, contempt for Locke is *the beginning of wisdom*, the English would have been heard in a manner worthy of them, and would have rendered a real service to the world, if they had the wisdom to dash to pieces themselves a reputation which they did not stand in need of. The cedar of Libanus would not be disfigured—on the contrary, it would be embellished by shaking off a dead leaf.

If they undertake to defend this artificial reputation as they would defend Gibraltar, I would indeed withdraw. One must be stronger than I am, to wage war with Great Britain, having France already on my hands. Rather than be carried away in triumph, let us grant, if it is required, that the pedestal of Locke is immovable—E PUR SI MUOVE!

But I know not how it is, Chevalier, it is always me that you fall upon, nor how it is that I always follow whither you choose to lead me. You have almost put me out of breath with your unfortunate Locke. Why do you not fatigue also our friend the Senator?"

"Give me time," he replied, "his turn will come. He is more quiet, more phlegmatic than you are. He requires more time to breathe freely, and his reason, I know not why, has a greater restraint on me than yours. If, then, the fancy continues to fatigue one or the other of you, I determine more willingly in your favor. I believe that you owe this flattering distinction to the fact of our language being common. Many times a day I imagine you are a Frenchman."

"How then, Chevalier," inquired the Senator, "do you think that one Frenchman has a right to fatigue another?"

"Not more or less than one Russian has a right to fatigue another," he returned. "But let us make our escape. I fatigue you. For, in casting my eyes on the clock, I perceive that, in an instant, *it will be to-morrow.*"

[THE END.]

AN IRISH SERVANT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

MRS. L. was a lady in London, who, when she advertised for a housemaid, added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P. S.—No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, respectable-looking young Irishwoman did present herself in the lady's drawing-room, as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs. L., "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl; "but I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well, that no lady would refuse me bread because of my country."

Mrs. L. was a young housekeeper, and she worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherish a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and, forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast.

Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs. L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of honest indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing," but subsequently called on two persons who had known her; and the result was her engagement.

Mrs. L. was the wife of a highly respectable mercantile man; one of a class who, of all others, entertain great distrust of the Irish people—their methodical and business-like habits preventing them from making allowance for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbors. Mrs. L. had consequently to encounter the astonishment of her acquaintances, and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably keen and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, it was not the hard work that overcame her—she could do ten times as much and think nothing of it—but "the particularity"—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere; for a manner staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up of fine things; she could have washed, to make look like snow, table cloths, sheets, and dresses, but the difficulties of small plaiting and clear starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house broke her heart—there was a place for every thing, and every thing must be in its place. Then her fellow servants would put her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat any thing but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at; and between her desire to do well in all things and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs. L. fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did not; her eagerness to please occasioned blunders and mistakes: her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her manner as fully formed as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was ever cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work; no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then, she was so humble when reproved; so happy when praised!

At first, a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs. L. from confessing she was wrong in judgment, and by degrees—slow, but sure degrees—

Catharine established herself in her mistress' good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, we never knew them fail. Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favor; she had good sense enough to understand that she had bettered her condition, and to feel that, in England, girls "with two or three hundred a-piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually her good humor and good nature became appreciated. Mrs. L's two little ones caught the scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place.

"I am not afraid," said she; "and sure God can keep the sickness from me by their bedsides as well as by my own; and if I was to go, His will be done; but I am not afraid."

Night and day this girl watched with their mother over the children; at her request, no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wearied; in time, the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse that they entreated their mamma to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl there was no national schools, and at the time she was so ignorant of "book learning" that she did not know her lerters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs. L. told us it was not until Catharine could read, that she confessed how entirely uninstructed she had been.

During a period of five years she continued in her place, unspoiled by much kindness; and frequently did her mistress boast to her acquaintance of the treasure possessed in an Irish nurse; it was quite true that Catharine's accent was any thing but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned. Love now somewhat interfered with her duties; a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectably, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of their departure, when she was to exchange the gutteral of "Gallagher" for the euphonious name of Miller.

Hitherto Mr. and Mrs. L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine —everything prospered which the merchant undertook; but a few eventful months made a terrible change in their circumstances; loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs. L. firm and patient in adversity, as she had been cheerful in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children: her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them: and she added a wish, that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married, she would inform her of her prospects after she and her husband had been some time in New

York, and rely on Mr. L. to remember her faithfulness, if ever he had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs. L.'s own words:—

"Catharine," she said, "stood without replying until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting with her than with all my other servants; she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour than the others had done in a year." "Is it to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss? Ah, then, what have I done to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'd be no burden to you, but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble? Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night, to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as for Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years; and so I *told him this morning when we parted.* 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said; 'and if it's any bar, why I'll give you back your promise;' and he would not hear of that, but took on a good deal at first; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does not forget me, I'm doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble."

"Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs. L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows; I had nerved myself for them, but this overpowered me; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them; and she certainly was the good spirit of comfort in our humble cottage. But this was not all; she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in, at the auction which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed me most attached to; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then with a delicacy that must be innate, she entreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavored to persuade us she had but returned us our own.

"I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catharine's heart; toiling as she was in all capacities for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance—it is simple and unvarnished truth; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce; during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs. L. needed her services. At length a distant relative of Mr. L.'s died, and as next of kin Mr. L. inherited a very considerable property; then, indeed, Mrs. L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but which nevertheless, she knew by heart; it was not, however, until she had succeeded in training "a cousin of her own," whom her mistress not only consented, but was happy to receive, that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other instances of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge!

May we not hope the prejudices

against them in this country, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone ; and then, when their advantages—of faithfulness, industry, and willingness in labor, in all ways and on all occasions--have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps equally essential, habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from opportunities of improvement!

THE MOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE—A TRACT.

PUBLISHED BY THE PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY, AND TO BE FOUND AT THE DEPOSITORY, NO. 20 JOHN STREET, N. Y.

ORSERVATIONS ON IT BY THE VERY REV. F. VARELA, D.D.

WHILE visiting a sick person in the City Hospital, we observed a pamphlet near his bed, and in order to examine in what kind of reading he was employed at that period of his existence, which was very near to its end, we took it up, and at our surprise, we found that it was a Tract, bearing a title, "The Mother of St. Augustine." We certainly were not surprised at the finding of the Tract near the patient, but at its title ; and as we opened it, here and there we met the following words: "Behold," said she, "(St. Monica, to St. Augustine and others,) lay this body anywhere ; let not the care for that any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would *remember me at the Lord's altar wherever you may be.*" Our astonishment increased at reading this passage, and we observed again the title-page, in order to be sure that the pamphlet was published by the Protestant-Episcopal Tract Society, for we scarcely could believe our eyes; but at last convinced of the fact, and having examined the Tract, we told the patient its conformity with the doctrine of the Church ; and that we had not the least objection to perusing it ; but we thought that some other reflections and some other reading would be still more suitable to his position.

After leaving the sick, we scarcely could banish from our mind the impression made by that Tract, handed to a Catholic by a Protestant minister (as we think) precisely when preparing to appear before the Lord. Protestants who blame so much the Catholic Church for the doctrine of Purgatory and prayers for the dead, now distribute a Tract where all these doctrines are recommended ; and they make use of one of the very passages of history that we have so often urged against them —the death of St. Monica ! Suppose that the sick would have asked the pious person who gave him that Tract, "Shall I prepare myself to die as the mother of St. Augustine ? Shall I procure to die in the same spirit ? Shall I say to my surrounding friends, care not for my body, but remember me at the Lord's altar ? But were you near me at my death, you would not understand me, or at least you could not prom-

ise me to grant me my request. Where is your altar? where is your sacrifice? where do you utter your prayers for the dead? You condemn all these doctrines in your Church, and you come to inculcate them to me at my dying bed? But ah! *here*, I believe you—*there*, you cannot believe yourselves. I hope I will depart as the mother of St. Augustine, recommending my soul to the prayer of that Church, whose maternal charity follows me beyond my grave—not actuated, as *you say* in your Churches, by the deceptions of interested ministers, but guided, as *you now think*, by the Spirit of God. Yes, you *do think so*, or you are the most cruel impostor, who for the sake of a religious showing, come to ratify an erroneous doctrine in the mind of a dying man." What would the Tract distributor answer to the patient? Surely he would have retired in great confusion, and much so, if the sick man, in order to correspond to his charity and return his compliment, would have uttered a prayer to the Lord, that his *spiritual* benefactor would die in the same spirit exhibited in that Tract, and that he would die recommending his friends to pray for him at the Lord's altar.

There are many circumstances to be considered in the Tract we allude to, and all of them prove that the ministers of the Episcopal Church desire to sustain their Church; but at the same time truth comes to their lips, and flows from their pens in favor of the Catholic Church. We do not intend to charge them with hypocrisy, or any bad intention, although many of them can be charged with both without injustice; but every body knows by experience that when the mind is trained in one way of thinking and human interest, which does not always show itself to its very victim, confirms that plan of ideas, it is very difficult not to be deluded, and we always find some reasons to support our views and to continue in our system. Such is the nature of every human institution; and as the Protestant Church is nothing but that, it is a natural consequence that its ministers should act in the like manner. In the Church of Christ, that is, in the Roman Catholic Church, the principle of AUTHORITY puts down at once all human efforts and passions, and brings a man to obedience and to unity; and therefore they will never find such contradictions amongst us.

We must take into consideration that this Tract is not the work of one man, published at his pleasure, but a work given by a Society and examined by several of its members, many of whom are ministers of that Church. The Tract has been afterwards distributed by many of their community, and forced, we say, into the houses. The very title of the Tract excites the curiosity to examine it, so that we may consider this small work as the expression of the real sentiments of a vast number, at least, of the members of the Episcopal Church. The other denominations have not come out against it, and surely they would if they believe their own doctrine; for they know that a Tract distributed all over the city, and we may say, of the country, may produce a great deal of evil, if it contains a false doctrine. What is then the conclusion? They may answer what they please, but we are convinced that the whole secret is that they begin to *give way*, because they cannot any longer resist the voice of truth. That such is the case as to the pamphlet in question, it will appear still clearer from the following considerations.

What could induce St. Monica

to request her son and her friends to remember her at the altar? Surely it was not the intention of that holy woman to excite human feelings in the heart of her son, when at the altar, by the remembrance of a tender deceased mother. Neither could it be her intention to present herself as a standard for imitation, and much less at the altar of the Lord, where everything is nothing except one, that is all, namely, God. Any other conduct would have been inconsistent with her humility, and would have rendered her an object of detestation rather than of praise. It is therefore evident that St. Augustine's mother did not wish him to remember her at the altar for any other motive than to derive some benefit from his prayers and the sacrifice of the mass, which is an evident proof of the Catholic docrine as to purgatory and the benefit of the prayers.

In order to elude the argument, Protestants (at least some of them) admit that, in the primitive church, prayers were offered up for the dead, but not in the *Romish sense*, they say. In what sense were they offered up, we should ask them? We really cannot perceive that prayers can be said in any other sense or meaning different from the one entertained by the Catholic Church; and as to the sarcastic expression of *Romish sense* or meaning, we take no notice of it, being already accustomed to hear and receive such compliments from Protestants. A prayer for the dead cannot be any thing else but a supplication in favor, or for the benefit of the dead—otherwise it would be not a prayer, neither would it be *for* the dead. Consequently, the only meaning we can give to the expression is the one we call Catholic and Protestants fancy to call Romish. Let them make use of any word they please, they cannot alter truth, and the thing will be the same. Bishop Hobart, in his *remarkable* sermon preached at the funeral of one of the ministers of his church, brings a great many proofs of the practice of the primitive church of praying for the dead; but in order to escape the attacks he expected from his people (which at last he could not escape) he very gravely says, that his doctrine should not be confounded with the doctrine of the Romish Church. However, he does not point out the difference, and our readers may suspect why he did not take such trouble. . . . . .

Let those ministers of the Church of England, and several other Protestant denominations, come forward now to tell their deluded followers that the doctrine of Purgatory was introduced by the Catholic priests during the dark ages, after they themselves published this evident historical fact and testimony from one of the most brilliant periods of the Church, recorded by the most learned and most pious of the 4th century or the beginning of the 5th. Let them blame St. Augustine; let them treat him as ignorant or wicked, when he allowed his mother to die with those sentiments without reproaching her in the least or instructing her. Let them blame him as one of the ministers of the Antichrist, as they call the Pope. Let them charge him with the crime of spreading Romish superstition.

THE DYING BOY,

AND THE GOOD CHEVERUS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

YOUNG Edward Stevens laid down the Life of the good Bishop Cheverus, and pressed his thin, pale hand to his eyes, for the tears were swelling thickly from beneath it. He was a child yet, scarcely thirteen, bright, good, and learned, for his years, but sickness lay with a heavy hand upon him, and the boy knew, that ere the autumn should have passed away, the dry leaf would rustle upon his grave.

His mother was by, and she gently removed his hand, wiped the tears from his eyes, and laid her cheek to his high, pale forehead.

"You go to a more beautiful world than this, my son, where is wisdom, and knowledge and love. You do not shrink from suffering, my noble-minded child, for that appeals only to the body—tell me all that you fear—all that you feel."

Edward put his arms about her neck, and wept freely.

"I was thinking of how much the good can do in the world—and I shall do nothing—the world will be no better that I have lived in it, dear mother."

"Say not so, my own son. You have done much, very much good, already. Have you not trained your spirit to gentleness, and goodness—to faith in God, and submission to His holy will? This is a great work, my child—the greatest the human mind, even in long life, can achieve. Then (and she pressed him closer to her bosom) you have accomplished a great mission besides. You have called into exercise the sweetest and purest affections of your mother. You have taught me to pray as I never could have prayed but for you, Edward, and while talking with thee upon those exalted hopes that have not earth for their object, I have found my own faith deepened, my hopes purified, and a power imparted, of which once I could scarcely have dreamed. Say not you have lived in vain, my beloved, when so much has been done through your agency."

The eye of the young sufferer was meekly raised, he clasped his thin hands, and an unearthly smile dwelt upon his lips. "Father, I thank thee," he articulated. Then reverting to the first object of thought, he said, "Let us talk, my dear mother; I am weary, and cannot read. The good pass from the earth, but not so the good they have done."

"No, my son, and though the great and powerful, with their deeds, fade from the records of man, a perpetual halo lingers about the memory of the good. The despised Nazarene, wandering about the mountains of Judea, his locks wet with the dew of the night, scoffed at, perverted and forsaken, seemed little likely to survive the ignominy of the great tragedy of Calvary. But think of the thousands who have since died, relying upon his promises, reposing upon his love, and think how the affections of the good, through all ages, centre about his name. So in a more limited sense it is with all the excellent that have lived. They form a nucleus, gathering about them the sympathies of all the good that succeeded them. The humblest child, with a pure and lov-

ing heart, may sway the feelings of a thousand."

Edward smiled gently; a flush passed over his pale forehead, and the blue veins dilated, as if stirred by exalted thoughts, and he whispered gently, "Go on, dear mother."

The mother brushed the tears from her eyes, but she was no weak and ordinary woman, to weep when good could be done, and she pressed the pale boy to her bosom and continued,—

"Yes, the glitter that surrounds the conqueror, the great of the earth, merely, must pass away, but goodness is eternal. In the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, the gentle, the prayerful and submissive child may have better fulfilled his destiny than the sage or the philosopher. It is the good, only that win the affections; and we love them even as if present with them, ages after they may have passed away; and we love them because the elements of goodness are in our own hearts. You, my son, have thrilled with admiration in reading of the all but Christian philosophers, Socrates and Plato; and it is so, and will always be so, with every generous-hearted school-boy. This is why we love to read of such men as Rahmuhan Roy, and Oberlin, and Felix Noff, who were ready to sacrifice everything in life, to truth and virtue. All, that will, can make the same sacrifices. You, my son, I am quite sure, would have been ready to do as much as any of these, or as much as your favorite Cheverus, had it been the will of our Father to continue here. But he graciously accepts the desire for the performance of the work."

The mother's voice trembled, and tears came to her eyes. "Be comforted, my dear mother," said the sick boy, "all is for the best."

"Many talk of the sufferings, the trials, and privations to which the good are subjected in this life. But with men of such exalted virtue, these cease to be trials, for their glorious conceptions are fixed upon things too lofty to be moved by the petty vexations of this world. What are poverty and the contempt of little men, to him who is absorbed in the majesty of virtue—who regards the loftiness of goodness, rather than the tinsel of wealth? When the good Bishop Cheverus carried the *wood, split with his own hands*, into the chamber of the sick wife of the sailor, did he feel degraded by the meanness of the service? No, for it was ennobled by the principle of benevolence. So when he broke his last crust amongst the poor of his flock, who came to him as to a common father, did he feel the pressure of poverty? No, for he gloried to be like his Divine Master in humility and poverty.

The records of man can afford nothing more truly noble, than the good Bishop, domesticated with the poor Indians, partaking of their ill-prepared fare, sleeping upon their rude skins, and visiting their wild wigwams in the midst of storms and cold, that he might reveal to them the hopes of a better faith, and win them to the knowledge of the true God. I can realize the whole merit of the sacrifices he must have made, for I once visited the very tribe where he labored so long and faithfully. I witnessed their ill-constructed dwellings, their filthy apartments, and the poverty to be seen all around them, and was even paddled across the Penobscot in one of those frail canoes, that the weight of a finger might upset. It might have been the very one that conveyed the good Cheverus upon some of his errands of love. But in the midst of all their debasement and poverty, the influence of the good Bishop was plainly discernible. The only framed building on the island, at that time,

was the church, surmounted by the cross, and it was kept neat and orderly. The dead body of a woman who had died seventy miles up the river, had been brought down to the common place of burial, and was reposing in a rude white coffin, with the crucifix at the head, waiting for the last rites of their religion.

When they went to the graveyard to dig the grave, I observed that each was ornamented with a wooden cross. They spoke of their Priest, Bishop Cheverus, with the greatest reverence and love. His word was a law to them. Nothing could be undertaken, unless first sanctioned by him. Though of a different faith, we cannot but admire the devotion and Christian piety, which prompted such sacrifices and labors for the good of a poor and obscure tribe of men, at that time on the outskirts of civilization.

In poverty and trial the good man is perpetually reminded "wherein his great strength lies," and he resorts constantly to God for support. But it is prosperity that tests the intrinsic excellence of character. So it was with the good Cheverus. He knew this, and shrunk from the honors ready to be heaped upon him. With a noble humility he feared to hazard the test, and chose the works of benevolence, the labors of love, under the privations of a poor and humble diocess, in America, to the honors that awaited him in his native country. But he needed not have shrunk from the trial, great as it undoubtedly was, to one pure and self-distrusting, as was the good Bishop. His humility never forsook him. He still might be found in the cabins of the poor and the suffering, imparting relief, and speaking the language of hope and comfort. His sympathies were not with the great, the affluent, whose followers are many, but with the lowly, the outcast, the degraded, the suffering, to whom he might impart relief, countenance, and protection. The rich carpets of his palace were as often trod by the houseless beggar as the rich and powerful; for all knew that the good Cheverus had an ear for every tale of misery, and a heart and hand to afford relief.

Noble example of Christian love and lowliness of heart. Blessed follower of the meek and loving Jesus, would that more would follow in thy footsteps! Edward's eye kindled as his mother recited passages in the life of Cheverus.

"Oh, my dear mother, I will not weep that I cannot walk in the footsteps of the good Bishop, for God has been pleased to order otherwise. I shall pass from the earth only to live in Heaven. And yet, mother, dear mother, the suffocation, the agony of the last moment, I do, do shrink from it. The mystery of death—it is terrible," and the sick boy pressed his mother's neck with a convulsive tenderness.

The mother fell upon her knees beside the dying boy, and prayed fervently, that these fears might pass from the spirit of her noble-minded child—that the gloom, resting upon the valley of the shadow of Death, might be dispelled by the glorious light of immortality. Calmly, and most fervently did that widowed mother pray beside the bed of the dying boy. When she had finished, a sweet smile was resting upon the lips of Edward, his blue eyes were looking up with an expression of holy contemplation.

"Thy prayer is heard, dear mother," he whispered, "death is but the rending of the veil. At the death of Jesus, the 'Veil of the Temple was rent.' I see it now—the good, the beautiful are there."

His mother pressed his lips to hers; the blue eyes closed; young Edward had gone to his home.

ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE GUARDS,

At the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, February 22, 1843.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

All hail to the triumphant flag of our country! At any time, when its stripes are unfolded, and its stars glitter to the eye, does that standard inflame the patriotic enthusiasm of the American heart, and arouse the most grateful and pleasing emotions in the breast of every adopted citizen. For beneath that LABARUM of Liberty, every man who loves Freedom may find a shelter and a protection, which defy the agression and intolerance of other climes. This hallowed standard, like the sun in mid glory, spreads its influence over all the children of Independence: no matter from what region they may come—no matter what creed they may profess, it covers all with an inviolable ægis; and while it warms their souls to patriotism, enlightens their minds to the clear perception and becoming appreciation of their privileges and rights. On any occasion, then, whenever those spangled folds flutter on the welkin, our spontaneous exclamation must be:

> God save that flag! for ever may it blow;
> Hope of the Friend, and terror of the Foe.

But on the present brilliant occasion—under the peculiar circumstances which accompany this celebration,—the birth-night of the immortal Father of our country, and the identification of his name with the sacred cause of Temperance, we must behold, with rapturous congratulation, indeed, the starlight of Liberty guiding on her votaries not merely to the cradle of Patriotism, but, likewise, to the shrine of Virtue. Dissipating not only the dark night of the political horizon, but the still deeper shades of vice and immortality. Becoming thus, in truth, the instrument of strength, union, religion, prosperity, happiness, national and social.

The cross that appeared in the heavens to the first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, when on the point of engaging in battle with the tyrant Maxentius, led that illustrious Roman to victory. It glared in the van over the helmets of his legions, and they were invincible. IN THIS THEY CONQUERED. In like manner, under the protection and guidance of Providence, did Washington unfurl this standard in the day of peril and trial; and though contending against the most puissant flag of Europe, victory perched upon its staff. The young Eagle, the bearer of heaven's lightning—hurled it indignantly against the mighty Lion, and ever since, has hovered there, with out-

spread pinions, watching over the destinies of the United states.

The first victory achieved under these banners was glorious and unprecedented. And never will the posterity of the Fathers of our Revolution be able to evince sufficient thankfulness to them and gratitude to God for the blessings which their valor won and their wisdom has handed down to us. The genius of history points back with amazement to the records of their virtues and their deeds. There is no other country on earth where any parallel example can be found. Since the earliest epoch of civilization there never was exhibited so grand a spectacle as that of a handful of oppressed but generous spirits rising with indignant determination to be free, by their bravery and perseverance, triumphing over hosts of embattled warriors and finally vindicating themselves into liberty and independence.

And yet under this same standard, another, and if possible as great and signal a victory has been obtained. Not a sanguinary victory —not over veteran armies—not with the loss of countless men—the effusion of streams of human blood—the sacking of towns—the desolation of provinces, No, a silent, peaceful, and yet conspicuous victory—a noble moral triumph over the worst enemy of a happy people; the most oppressive of all tyrannies—the most debasing and destructive of all vices—Intemperance. Is not this a subject of national congratulation? Is not this a second declaration of independence?—throwing off a yoke, under which many a naturally high and free-born spirit had been crushed—a tyranny, which, if it did not crimson the scaffold with gore, stained the hearth with scalding tears, and laid waste the household sanctuary with misery and want. The banners of Temperance, interwoven with those of Liberty, will, henceforth, spread out before a regenerated people; and patriotism and one of the purest theological virtues, like "Justice and Peace, shall embrace."

The name of Washington, which has always been the synonyme of American Patriotism, will now become the watchword, also, of American Temperance. And while we trace in Him the model of all that can render Liberty pure and inestimable, we contemplate, at the same time, a prototype of that gentle and enobling virtue, under the influence of which the Washington Guards are enrolled.

Great man! what is there left to be added by a voice as feeble as mine to the eulogy of thy name? Eulogy which, though it has exhausted all the powers of oratory, still continues inexhaustible itself. The eloquence of the virtuous and wise has been lavished upon thy memory; and in the august theme, the only competition now remaining is, not who can confer most praise—for more cannot be given —but who, with greatest reverence and deepest admiration can display the glory of thy character to a raptured people.

Yes, the mere sound of that name —the mere pronunciation of that one word Washington, speaks more to the astonished nations of the earth than all the volumes of which it has been the subject and the pride. In juxtaposition with any other, even the most vaunted in the records of ancient story, it shines out with incomparable lustre, and displays not merely the halo of a military chieftain, but likewise the character of a sound and prudent statesman, and of a meek and virtuous citizen; who, covered with laurels, reaped with his own sword on fields of dreadful battle, modest-

ly removed them from his brows, in the simplicity of his retirement, where laying aside the brilliant insignia of a hero, he appeared to adopt as his motto the pacific axiom of the Father of the Roman Republic: *Cedant arma togæ.* Let the arms of war give place to the toga of peace.

It is needless to affirm, for all the world has admitted that there never lived a man more perfectly animated, in peace or war, by the sincere spirit of patriotism than Washington. This, though the sublimest tribute of praise that can be bestowed upon any human character, is now little more than common-place, when referring to the Deliverer of our country. From the moment he was summoned from the shades of his farm to take the command of the armies of America, in all his conduct, all his measures, all his battles, all his victories, all his glories, his heart was inspired by no other sentiment. Not a particle of ambition can we perceive about him. Not a trait of pride or vain glory. No mercenary project of individual greatness, family advantage, posthumous renown. No visionary effort to assimilate himself to the heroes or demigods of Greece or Rome. No affected or romantic allusion in his speeches or conversations, to the names of Alexander, Cæsar or Scipio, which formed the charm of another mighty conqueror, and the passion of that great, but then, unfortunate nation, over which the deadliest tyranny has exercised under the august name of Liberty. No; the exigencies of the times brought him forth in his own majestic and original character, stamped with the impress of a sage, adorned with the virtues of a Christiaa, gifted with a soul that glowed with valour, and a heart that bled for the wrongs of his fellow-beings, while it yearned for the happiness and liberty of mankind. In him there was no sordid dross—no selfish interest — no compromising view. His country, oppressed by the injustice, wasted with the unrelenting violence of that mother, who should have extended over her children in the colonies an affectionate and protective sway, was the solitary object which he cherished in every stage and variety of his career. Her appeal to his patriotism was sufficient to induce him to break asunder the sweet relations that connected him with rural tranquility and retired happiness; to tear himself from the hearth-stone of a family he loved so well; and to plunge, as it were, with preternatural enthusiasm, yet heaven-directed prudence, into the confusion and desolation of the battle-field. And even on that field, where other generals have too often been driven, by the impetuosity of events, to a forgetfulness of the Eternal Being, by whose wisdom and justice the fate of battles is decided, and the destiny of empires determined—Washington was calm, profoundly impressed with religious awe, aud convinced of the necessity of placing his reliance not merely on his own skill and good fortune, or on the bravery of his armies, or on the advantage of circumstances, or even the justness of his cause; but, in a special manner, likewise, on the propitious favor of Providence, who, in his own good time, "bringeth down the powerful from their seats, and exalteth the humble." In confirmation of this fact, who is unacquainted with the traditionary trait so characteristic of the conduct of our Liberator, that before an engagement with the enemy, he was accustomed to recommend himself and his forces to the protection of Heaven, and after a victory obtained, he was often espied kneeling behind a thicket, and pouring forth

his thanks in fervent and humble adoration of the God of armies? This I style a characteristic trait. For, of what other hero of modern days can such a truth be related? And it was this wonderful blending together in his person, of patriotism and religious conviction, that filled his soul with courage, discreet, generous, fearless, and pregnant with hope.

These attributes we discover and admire in him, in every hazardous encounter into which he was thrown. The scene so graphically represented on your standards—of his crossing the River Delaware—bears testimony to this fact. A darker cloud never hung over the prospects of this country, than just about the epoch when this daring exploit was achieved. In so much, that Congress seemed to withdraw from the task of effecting a brighter prospect, and to throw itself and entire nation on the wisdom and energy of the Commander-in-Chief. It was resolved "that General Washington should be possessed of full powers to order and direct all things relative to the department and operations of war." Amidst this lowering darkness, the hopes of our hero were never extinguished, the light of his mind shone fearlessly out, and his confidence in the arm of Providence increased. While the Genius of Liberty seemed to droop with despondency, he always stood erect and cheerful in the surrounding difficulties, his eye beaming with the anticipation of success, his godlike countenance marked with firmness and composure.

A strong British force was cantoned on the banks of the Delaware. They had seized on New Jersey, and were about to continue their march to Philadelphia, then the seat of government. In order to rescue the one and preserve the other, it became necessary to fall, at once, on the ranks of the enemy. But the broad stream stretched between them. It was mid-winter; the evening of Christmas day: the snow lay deep and trackless on the ground; the cold was intense; and the thick ice formed in the river rendered the project of crossing it, almost impracticable. Still it must be attempted: and that without delay. And although two other gallant Generals had strenuously labored to accomplish it, they were beaten back by the adverse elements. Not so Washington. Undaunted by their failure, he placed himself at the head of little more than two thousand men, and, after struggling during the darkness of the night, reached in safety the opposite shore and, the next morning, falling upon the enemy, compelled them to surrender. Well does this glorious achievement deserve to be displayed on canvass, for the inspiration of future hearts. In a masterly manner has it been executed by the genius of a native artist—the ornament of his profession; and elegantly has it been transferred upon these gorgeous banners. Young men! soldiers and citizens of America, look upon that picture, and be ready to emulate, if need should be, the conduct of the gallant band, whose renown it is intended to commemorate. By that glorious standard weaving its splendid folds around the banners of Temperance, be your bosoms inflamed with patriotism, and your patriotism consecrated by virtue!

The talents of our native painters in immortalizing their names by the representation of the magnanimous achievements, and venerable person, of Washington, cannot be too highly valued, or too often eulogized. But there is one great work still remaining to be executed, for this our magnificent metropolis, by

the skill of some native sculptor. In all the capitals of Europe, colossal statues of their illustrious men salute the eye. But, in this populous, wealthy, and public-spirited city, we look, in vain, for a similar monument commemorative even of the Father of this Republic. His memory, I know, needs not the adventitious aid of bronze or marble. It lives in the institutions of this immense confederacy, in the liberties of the Commonwealth, in the hearts of millions of Freemen. Wherever the eye turns, on whatsoever it rests, there is his monument to be seen: *si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*

Nevertheless, the gratitude and glory of the people would stand embodied in such a statue; while the classic workmanship of an American sculptor, a native of New York, would transmit his genius and the public generosity to the admiration of posterity. A work of art devoted to the honor of Washington has been projected by James Varick Stout, "to whose tried skill and fitness for the work," in the language of Mr. Irving, the execution of this statue should be entrusted.

If there be any subject profoundly interesting to the American people, this is pre-eminently one. And I vehemently rejoice in the auspicious opportunity afforded me, before this immense assemblage of my fellow-citizens, and in the hearing of our common country, to awaken the public attention in its favor. The Fathers of New York should start from their lethargy, and emulate the example set them by other cities of the United States. Baltimore, Boston, Richmond, and Raleigh have already accomplished what the procrastinating spirit of this great metropolis has not yet consented to undertake. I am aware that strong individual exertions have not been wanting. Petitions, signed by several eminent and cherished names, recommending and urging the project, have been presented to the Common Council. Meetings of the Press, and of learned societies have expressed their sentiments. And no doubt is entertained, that an overwhelming majority of our citizens would hail it with unanimous acclamation, and aid in its execution with a corresponding generosity.

This patriotic work would, moreover, enlist the sympathies of the fair portion of the community—the fair daughters of liberty—who surpass the Spartan matrons of old, in zeal for their country's glory.—There breathes not an American mother, who would not exult at beholding the sculptured majesty of Washington, whose simply-noble figure, though graven in marble, must inspire reverence, presiding like the stern genius of the place, square, where stands the hall of Liberty and Justice. Thither—to the base of that lofty monument,—would she conduct her admiring children; and pointing to the superb figure on high, "behold," might she exclaim, "the model of every civic, social, and military virtue! In that grand individual, so rigidly and gracefully moulded by the chisel of the sculptor, are condensed and embodied the qualities which ensure immortality. To be a true American, it is necessary to imitate the patriotic virtues of the venerable original whose statue is here erected."

If, to complete the monument of Bunker Hill, the delicate hands of the matrons and maidens of the state were employed in executing the rich and beautiful designs their fancy had conceived, and if their ingenious and admirable efforts were finally crowned with success, who, for an instant, would doubt, that the same gentle enthusiasm, if appealed to here for the consummation of this

magnificent work, would be as universally and effectually evinced? No more time, it seems to me, should be lost. There are yet remaining among us, but few of the Revolutionary Fathers, companions and friends of Washington, whose aged hearts would throb with delight, could they behold this monument commenced, if not finished, ere they are gathered to their ancestors. Yes, could those two venerable men, Trumbull and Lewis, be permitted to witness this, they would rest their gray hairs, with peaceful resignation, in the tomb.

The statue in contemplation would stand about fifteen feet in height, rising on a pedestal to the elevation of twenty-five—and reared in the open air. The attitude simple, grave, full of repose, with a light and graceful drapery dropping over the natural lines, in the imposing style of Michael Angelo. The well known and highly esteemed statuary promises a powerfully-striking likeness, a stern anatomy of figure, and a whole richly and classically traced. And it affords me singular pleasure to learn from him, that meetings are to be held in the month of May next, for the express purpose of carrying out his grand proposal. These will continue during six days, in the Governor's Room, at the City Hall, and it is intended that many consecutive orations will be delivered on the subject by the most eminent and eloquent men. I rejoice to find that they feel alive to the importance of this measure.

Why should not this glorious national project be carried into effect, by the unanimous concurrence and liberal contributions of the citizens of New York? Why should not a colossal monument of Washington be reared up in that Park, by the side of another which delights the inhabitant, and astonishes the stranger! Near the rush of those Croton waters, which, after traversing an immense tract of distance, burst in foaming majesty into the air, I long to see the Father of his country rising aloft in sculptered grandeur, crowning and hallowing the scene? Then will there stand together two imperishable monuments of PATRIOTISM and TEMPERANCE.

I observed that Washington was a beautiful prototype of Temperance. I am not aware that he was ever known to be guilty of an intemperate act, or ever accused of deliberately uttering an intemperate word. By nature, he loved and practised a virtue which elevates the man, and adorns the Christian; the want of which debases and degrades both one and the other; engenders every evil, moral and physical; unnerves the sinews of strength; paralyzes the energies of mind and body; generates vice, poverty, ruin; and, too often, transfuses the elements of profligacy into successive generations. Where intemperance reigns, the victim of its dominion can be neither a Christian nor a patriot. For, the true disciple of the Gospel cultivates the virtues prescribed by that holy volume, than which there is none more requisite than sobriety: and the genuine lover of his country fosters the elements of patriotism, which are essentially uncongenial with the habit of intemperance. His body must be preserved sound, his mind clear, and his conscience pure. His talents, instead of being darkened, or extinguished, should be made to beam forth in all their unclouded radiance and beauty; and his health and life should be preserved with sacred care, and consecrated to his country's good. Consequently, he must shun intemperance, the bane of every virtue, the parent of every vice. With wrongs and intolerance he should entertain no communion. In all his fellow men he cannot but recognize his own

brethren, whether they be the native offspring, or adopted children, of one and the same common mother. In a word, he must be sober, disinterested, brave and virtuous. Not bigotted, not fanatical, not prejudiced: but charitable, sincere, ingenuous,—attached to his own honest opinions and convictions, and, at the same time, just, tolerant, and forbearing, with regard to those of his fellow citizens.

These were the principles which governed the conduct of Washington in public and private. 'A perfectly just man,' writes Lord Brougham, no vulgar authority for Europe as well as America, "a perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution: never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away, by his own weakness or self-delusion, any more than by other men's art; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoiled on the giddy heights of fortune. Such was this great man." The admiration of the whole world on the conspicuous elevation to which his virtues and his country had raised him; and not less so in the rural retreats of Mount Vernon, after his return into private life. "He retired," adds the same able writer, "with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men should be conserved, and that his example might never be appealed to by vulgar tyrants."

The mention of Mount Vernon brings back to my memory days of childhood, and scenes and associations of deepest interest. It was my privilege to pay many a visit, or rather make many a pilgrimage, whilst yet a pupil under the classical turrets of Georgetown College, to the hallowed seat and homestead where Washington was born, lived, and was laid at rest in his ancestral vault. And I have often thought that if my soul has ever been fired with patriotic inspiration, it was caught at that shrine of liberty. Often has it been my good fortune to loiter amid those shades, and muse around the tomb where his relics lay consigned: over which the solemn willow drooped as it were in reverence for the venerable dead. My eye ranging abroad, meanwhile, over the magnificent Potomac, as the western sun—the emblem of our national liberty and glory—blazed on its sparkling bosom. And there, in that rapturous hour, I contemplated in my boyhood, and drank in sentiments of profound veneration for the name of Washington, and an inviolable devotion to the institutions of my native country. And often, in after days, when travelling far away in foreign realms, and contrasting the mighty, and the wise, and the just, with him, I could not but regard Washington as deserving, even far more than Fabius of old, the Roman Poet's praise:

> Tu maximus ille es,
> Unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
>
> Greatest of all art thou,
> Through whose calm prudence the Republic lives.

"During his life-time," exclaimed the venerable Archbishop Carroll in his eulogium on Washington, his contemporary and friend, "we seemed to stand on loftier ground, for breathing the same air, inhabiting the same country, and enjoying the same constitution and laws, as the sublime and magnanimous Washington. He was invested with a glory that shed a lustre on all around him. For his country's safety he often had braved death, when clad in her most terrific form: he had familiarized himself with her aspect; at her approaching to cut the thread of life, he beheld her with constancy and serenity; and, with his last breath, as we may believe from knowing the ruling passion of his soul, he called

to heaven to save his country, and recommended it to the continual protection of that providence, which he so reverently adored. May his prayer have been heard! May these United States flourish in pure and undefiled religion, in morality, peace, union, and liberty, and the enjoyment of their excellent constitution, as long as respect, honor, and veneration shall gather round the name of Washington: that is, while there shall be any surviving record of human events." Thus far that great prelate, the near relative of another sage and patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Young Americans, you who equip yourselves for the defence of the liberties which Washington achieved, while you adorn your persons with the military trappings of your country, keep your minds fixed steadily on this immortal original; an original whose virtues, if you imitate them, will render you the ornament, as well as buckler, of our native land. Let the banners of independence wave over your heads in all their native glory, and by their side, the standard of Christian temperance be borne aloft. The former the terror of human, the latter of social tyranny. Before this double standard what enemy will not cower? The world has already experienced—and rejoiced as it experienced—the beneficent influence of one and the other. The impulse given to the spirit of liberty by the genius of our land has been felt far and wide. The blessings scattered abroad, by the angel of Temperance, are universally enjoyed. And here, may I not be allowed to associate with the name of the apostle of American Freedom, that other of the apostle of Temperance, which is hailed, and venerated and loved, wherever it is heard? —General George Washington, and Father Theobald Mathew. The echo of two worlds repeats them: and millions, emancipated from the thraldom of political and moral slavery, love to bless them.

Ireland, that prolific parent of illustrious men, may now enrol on her national catalogue an apostle of humanity, as well as of religion. Among the precious reminiscences which I have brought home with me from a recent visit to that lovely island, that of having formed his acquaintance, and enjoyed his friendship, will be the most pleasing and honorable of all. And never lived a being more gentle, and more mild: he seems the very personification of the benevolence he preaches, and the meek-eyed virtue of Temperance *appears to have marked him as her own.*

The name of this amiable man and generous benefactor of human kind is so renowned, that any memorial derived immediately from his own hands must be an object of deep interest, as well as laudable curiosity, to a polite and intellectual assemblage. Under this conviction, there will be presented to the Washington Guards, this evening, a view of a chapel erected, at his own expense, in the city of Cork, and which he himself has sent to his old associate and intimate friend, the Very Rev. Doctor Power; and at the same time, in his own autograph, a short, neat note, addressed to the same distinguished personage.

The virtue of temperance which Christianity has consecrated, was regarded as indispensable among the ancient pagans, at least on certain trying and peculiar occasions. The Roman Satirist informs us, that the youth of his country, when preparing to enter the lists of the Olympic games, ceased to indulge in the pleasures of wine.

Qui studet optatem cursu contingere metam
Abstninuit vino.—*Hor. de Art. Poet.*
The youth who strives to gain the longed-for goal
Foregoes the luxuries of the sparkling bowl.

The Greeks, also, admired, and some of their sages even practised, the same virtue. Every classical scholar is familiar with the axiom of the stoic philosophers.

> Sustine et abstine.
> Sustain and abstain.

But much more distinctly has this virtue, which was unknown to the votaries of pagan philosophy, been proposed and developed to the children of divine revelation. "Let us walk honestly," writes St. Paul to the first Roman Christians, "not in drunkenness," &c. (chap. xiii. v. 13.)

And surely to me, the opportunity afforded on this splendid and memorable evening, of proclaiming and inculcating the theological virtue of Temperance, is a subject of no ordinary gratulation and pleasure. I thank the committee for it: and the more cordially, as it is connected with the undying and ever-glorious name of Washington. Patriotism is here, on this festal night, enwreathed with the laurels of virtue. It is the triumph of both. And where *they* flourish, their lovely handmaids, Peace, Philanthropy, Morality, Religion, will strew their celestial blessings among a free and happy people. Yes, they whose patriotism is modelled after that of Washington, and whose conduct governed by the spirit of Temperance, must be invaluable citizens, and will be, when the hour of necessity requires and demands it, brave soldiers. Young men of America, Gentlemen of the Washington Temperance Guards, may you ever preserve both, as guides, before your eyes. Follow them with undeviating steps, and you will be the ornament of this great city, the honor of the Republic, the pride and consolation of your families, and an example—rare and admirable—not only to the present, but, likewise, to every future, generation.

GOD AND MAMMON.

Oh, let thy heart, and will, and thought,
To love thy God be wholly given,
To haste thee on, and linger not,
But labor still for love of Heaven.

Our days are few, and peril great
The pathway blocks with subtle lure,
The world drags down with heavy weight
The heart, with images impure.

Thou canst not give thy love to God,
And give to earthly things a share;
Thou canst not follow virtue's road,
And list the while to sinful snare.

The undivided soul is one,
And God is one, and asks it all;
Then make thy vows to Him alone,
And hearken to his sovereign call.

For He alone the heart can fill,
The world but leaves it void and lorn;
Then curb the disobedient will,
Be mindful of thy final bourne.

The soul was made alone for God,
To love him—serve him, and obey;
Then follow now in virtue's road
That leads to heaven's eternal day!

ETERNITY.

What is eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?—
Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell every light-wing'd mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds,
That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new-born year; tell all the drops
That night, upon their bended tops,
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day;
Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves;
Or tell with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains;
Be this astonishing account,
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread;
Through all time's long-protracted tour
From Adam to the present hour;
Still short the sum, it cannot vie
With the more numerous years that lie
Embosom'd in Eternity.

Was there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main;
With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
Without one cipher in the score;
And would your lab'ring thought assign
The total of the crowded line,
How scant th'amount? th'attempt how vain!
To reach duration's endless chain!
For when as many years are run,
Unbounded age is but begun!

Attend, O man, with awe divine;
For this eternity is thine!

BOOKS, ETC.

Biographical Sketch of the Most Rev. John Carroll, First Archbishop of Baltimore. John Murphy, Baltimore. For sale by E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton street, New York.

At length the long deplored hiatus which existed in the history of the American Church has been filled up, at least in a great measure, by the work above named. Although it gives little more than the outlines of a subject of vast extent and importance, still it supplies a deficiency; and we must even acknowledge that more has been done than was anticipated. The editor into whose hands the necessary documents fell on the demise of his venerable uncle, deserves our thanks, and has certainly done a good work; one worthy of a young Catholic gentleman, and an accomplished scholar. There are several parts of the biography, which we intend publishing in our columns: and will grace them particularly with some extracts from the writings of the great prelate and philosopher, whose name will be cherished by the United States, in company with a Franklin, a Chase, and a Carroll of Carrollton; and whose Christian virtues will rank him among the most distinguished Bishops of the Church. Mr. Murphy has given it to the public in a very handsome and convenient volume.

Douay Bible. John Doyle, Broadway, New York.

Mr. John Doyle, an indefatigable publisher of Catholic books, has just put out a truly elegant edition of the Bible in 4to., with the approbation of the late lamented Bishop Dubois. It is embellished with engravings of no common character. That from West's celebrated painting of the Last Supper, deserves especial notice, for it is of a very high order, both as it regards the original conception, and the execution of the engraving. Too much praise cannot be conferred upon the publisher of such a volume of the Holy Scriptures. To Catholics it must be truly acceptable, and to Protestants an evidence that we encourage the circulation of correct editions of the Bible. We recommend this strongly to our readers.

Seven Letters. James Walsh, Publisher, Jersey City.

These Letters, containing much useful matter on religious doctrine, have been published by Mr. Walsh, of Jersey City, in a small, cheap volume. His undertaking should be encouraged, especially as he put forth his book under the patronage of the excellent Pastor of the Church of Jersey City, and his brother, the Pastor of St. Mary's. To these Reverend Gentlemen the Letters are dedicated.

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